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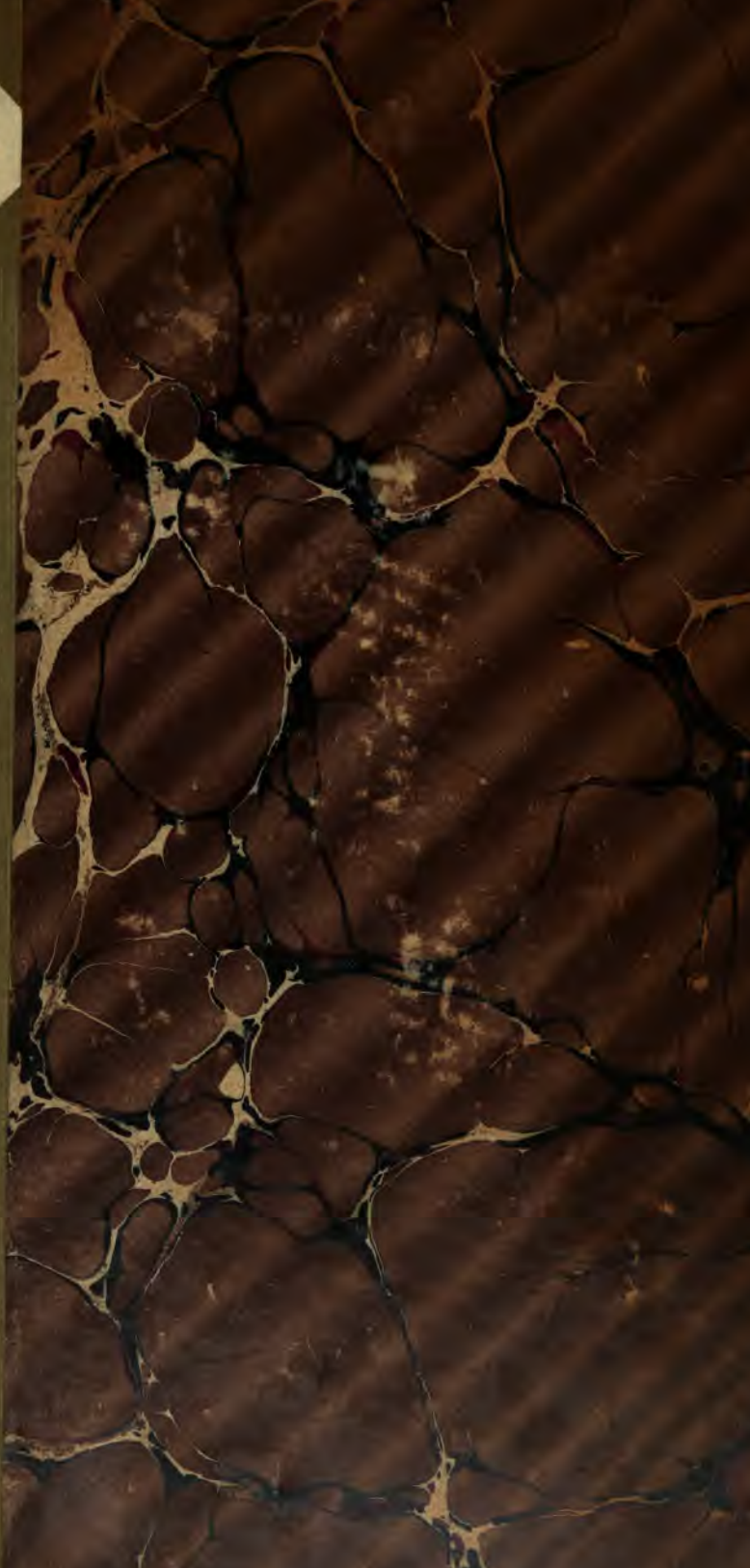
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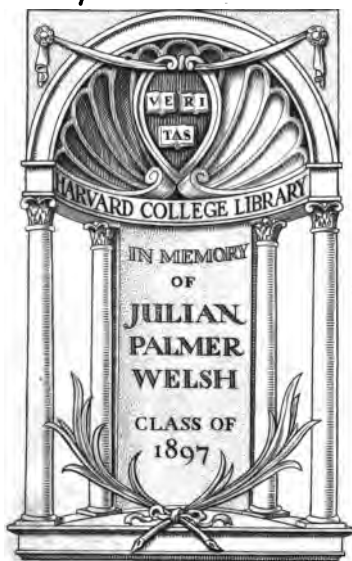
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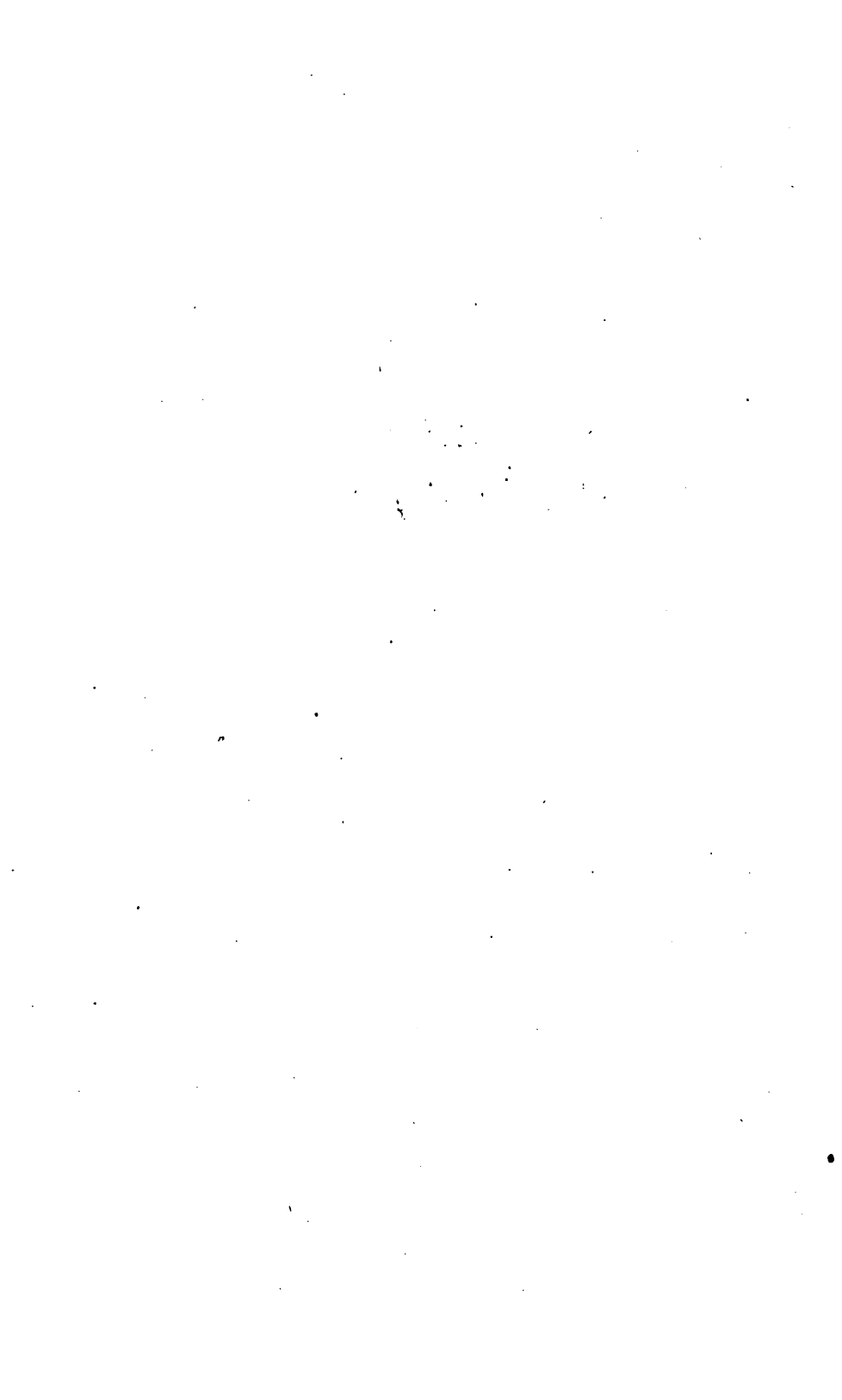
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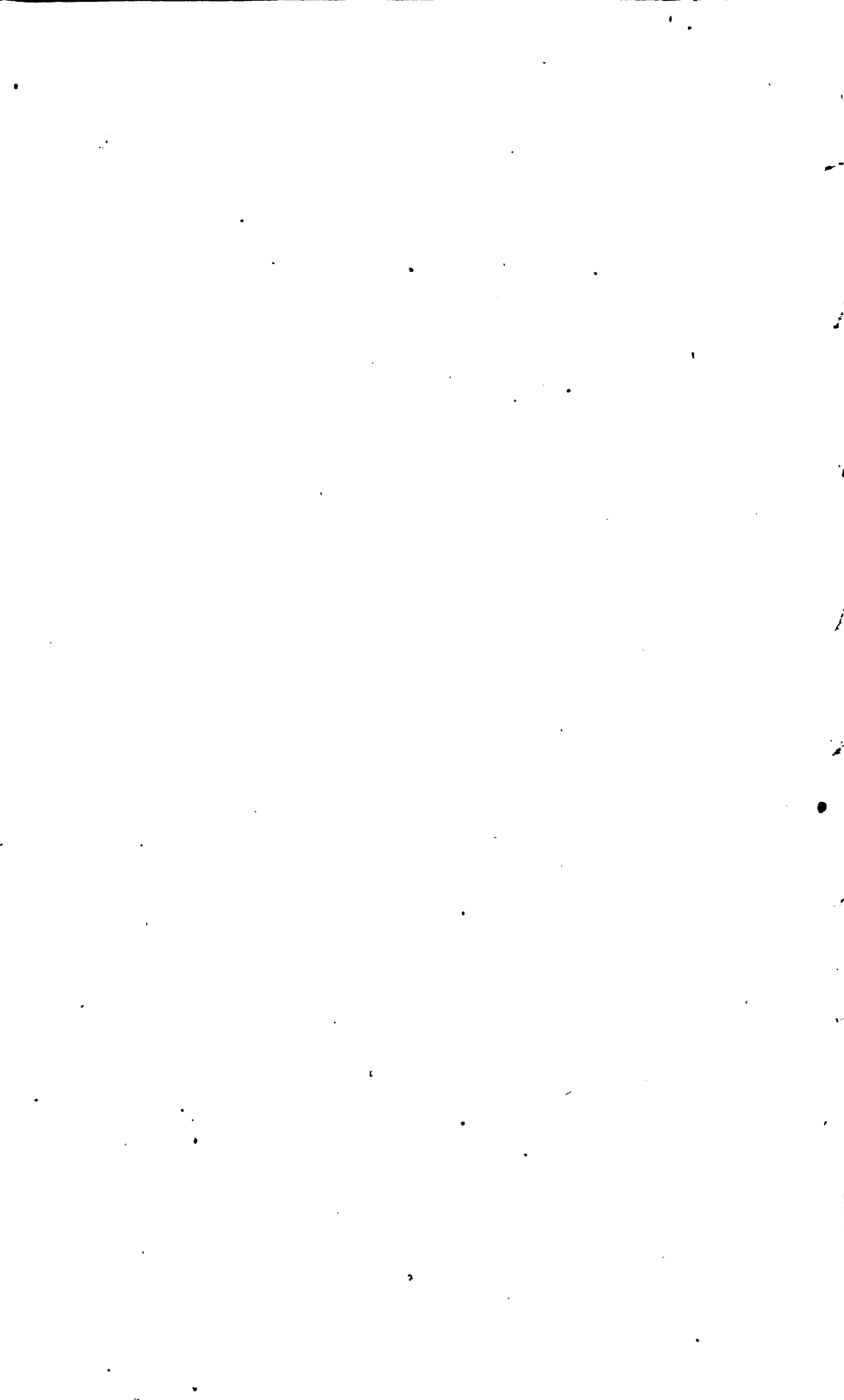






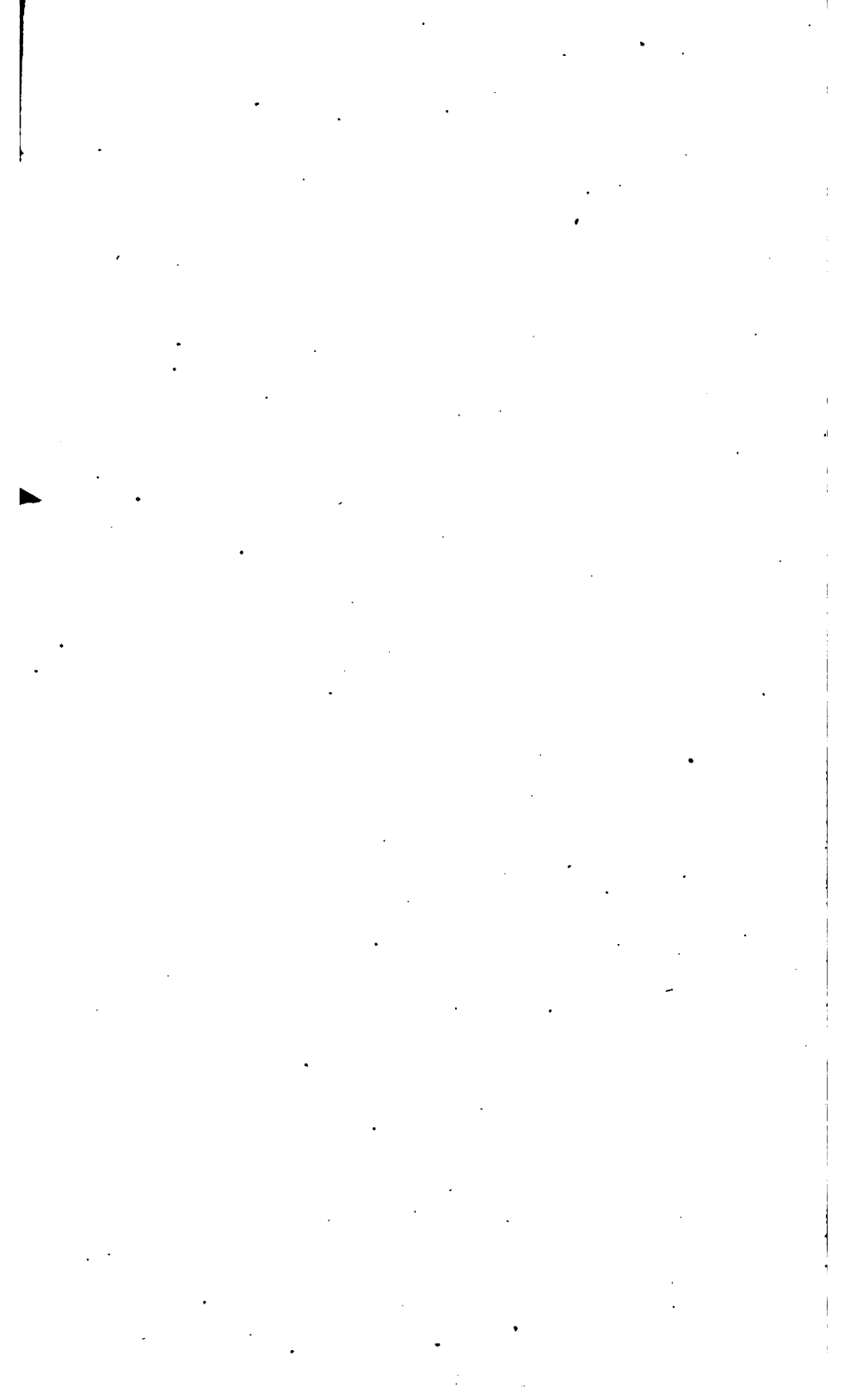
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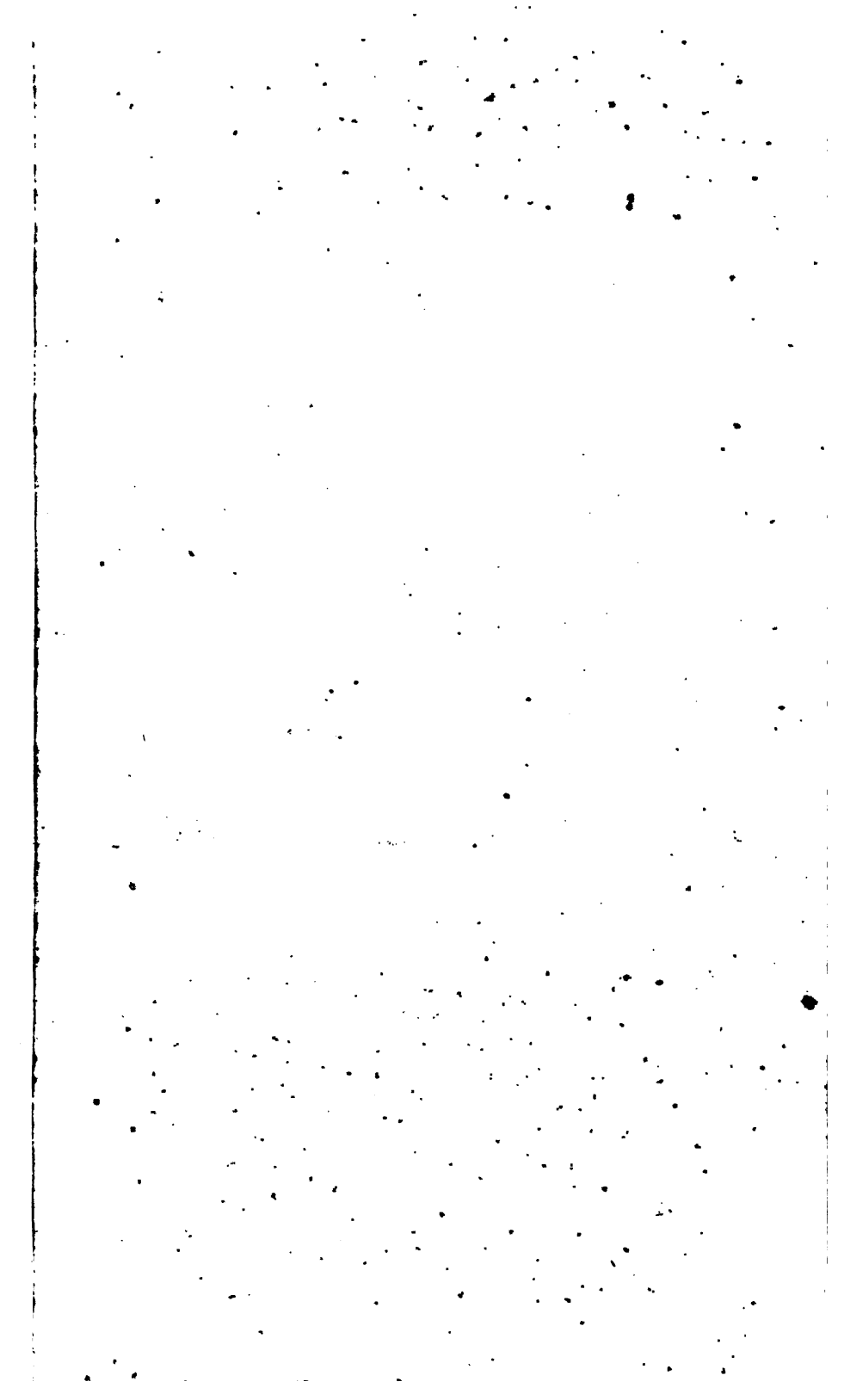
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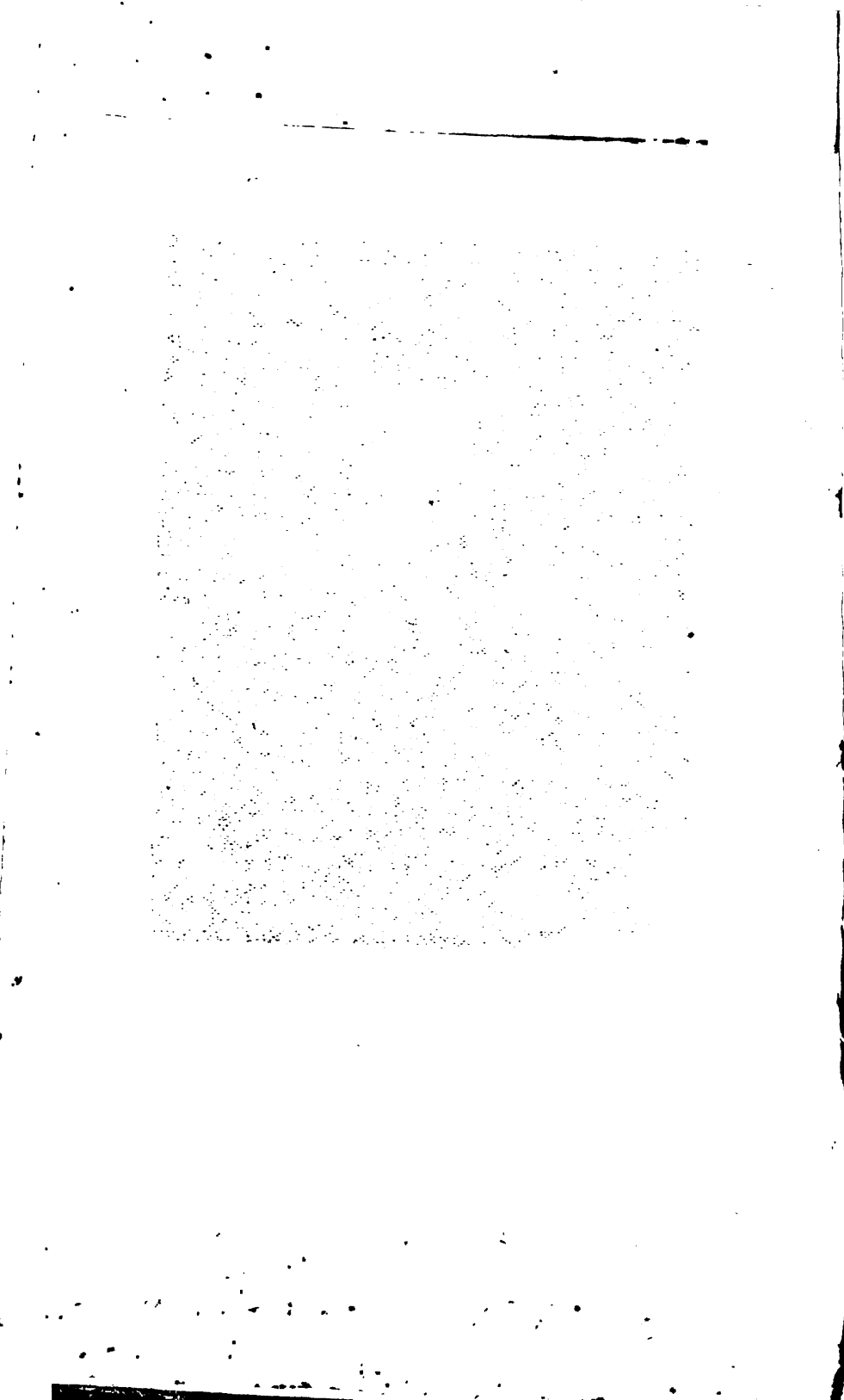


J. B. G. G.

Stacy & Atwood, N.Y.

AESOP.

SECRET



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THE HYPOCRITE;  
OR  
SKETCHES  
OF  
AMERICAN SOCIETY;  
FROM A  
RESIDENCE OF FORTY YEARS.  
BY ÆSOP.

"Homo homini lupus.—Justitia virtutum regina."

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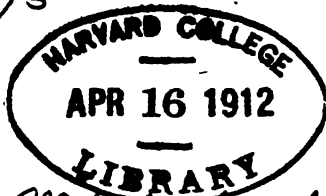
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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS FOX & CO.

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1844.

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*Welsh fund*  
TO THE READER.

Æsop begs of the reader, not to form any opinion of the merits, defects, or true intent of this number, until he shall have read the whole; it being something like an algebraic equation, which cannot be understood in any other way than by going through every step of the process.

The scene of this story, which is founded on fact, is laid in rural life, among the farmers of New-England, and would, in any other country, be called *low*; but among republican farmers we acknowledge no such term; as the *hero* of the piece, or any of those described, might, from mere circumstance, fill the highest official station in the United States.

The farmers in America are the lords of the soil, and the source of all political power, forming a great majority of the sovereign people; descriptions, therefore, of rural life in this free and happy country, are, in Æsop's opinion, on an equality with descriptions of the nobility and gentry of Europe. We have no *low* in American society but the ignorant and vicious, many of whom are foreigners, who have crowded themselves into the suburbs of our large cities, and who, together with a few to take care of the rest, are the constant inmates of our penitentiaries and state prisons.

The first two numbers of the "HYPOCRITE" will point out the *shades*, and the last two the *brilliant lights*, the present state and future prospects, of this great country and most extraordinary people.

The Mysteries of the City of New York will appear in the next number, each scene of which is founded on fact.

It will be seen that Æsop has made no attempt at erudition or style, nor has he offered any cure for the diseases he describes, but has told his story in the most simple and familiar manner. The language and style of each story will, of course, be suited to that portion of society under consideration.

Æsop's sole aim is the correction of vice, by holding up vicious men and vicious actions to the scorn and contempt of society; and to do this, he has thought proper to begin with the conservators of the public morals, whose aberrations from the path of rectitude have been, of late years, so disgracefully notorious throughout the country. He who would throw a veil over the base conduct of the hypocrites alluded to, is at the same time an enemy to the public morals, to the good and upright minister of the Gospel, and to the cause of pure religion.

"*Fidei coticula crux.*"

ÆSOP.

# THE HYPOCRITE.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ And then she said, ‘ Now, Tristram, hear :  
If you, in all your dealing,  
But clear the law, you need not fear  
Large cheating, or small stealing !

Get money, Tristram : mind, my man  
That, fairly you must get it—  
But get it, Tristram, when you can ;  
*Flats* only, boy, regret it ! ”

A MOTHER.

THIS is the motto of “ the true Yankee,” whose God is the dollar, whether he be an English Yankee, an Irish Yankee, a Scotch Yankee, a Jew Yankee, a Quaker Yankee, an American Yankee, or the highest, and only true blood, a *Yankee* Yankee.

The people of England, and of Europe generally, do not appear to understand the true definition of the word “ *Yankee*,” as they apply it indiscriminately to Americans from Maine to New-Orleans ; and as this little novel, which will exhibit some portion of American character, will, no doubt, be read to some extent in Europe, I have endeavored to set Europeans right on that subject. In regard to the etymology of the word, we must set it down purely American. There is but a small



portion of these United States to which this term strictly applies. Maine, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, are the true Yankee States; altogether, not much larger than the State of New-York: but they are not all "true *Yankees*" who reside in these States. The majority of the people are an honorable, high-minded, intelligent race of men and women. It was in this section of country, however, that the *wooden nutmegs*, *wooden hams*, true "Yankee tricks," as well as Blue Laws of Connecticut, had their origin. These States, too, supply Yankee tin-peddlers, and Yankee schoolmasters, a shrewd, intelligent race of men, to all parts of the Union. These tin and other peddlers often lay the foundation of their fortune in perambulating through the States in selling their wares, and finally set up in cities as regular merchants. These men become so sharp, from their intercourse with such a variety of people, that an ordinary mercantile man has no more pretension to contend with them in making a bargain, than a stick of wood has with an axe.

Many of the Yankee schoolmasters, too, lay the foundation of their future fame and fortune in teaching district schools in New-England and other places. They are mostly the sons of small farmers, who, in this manner, make their way into the learned professions. Some become clergymen; others lawyers; then politicians; then members of State Legislatures; next, perhaps, members of Congress or of the United States Senate; then governors of States; next heads of Departments at Washington; then ministers plenipotentiary to foreign courts. In fact, these men have filled most of the important offices, both in the States and General Government, within the

gift of the people, or under the control of executive officials; many times being themselves the dispensers of these places to others. Here is displayed true Yankee talent, ambition, and enterprise. The late General Brown and General Cass, late Minister to France, were schoolmasters. The "god-like" Daniel Webster, late Secretary of State of the United States, was a schoolmaster. And even John Quincy Adams, late President of the United States, taught rhetoric in Massachusetts, at Harvard University. And, if I am not mistaken, John Tyler, now President, and Levi Woodbury, late Secretary of the Treasury, were also schoolmasters in early life. Then, gentlemen of the *whip*, who learn to govern men by governing boys, you here behold inspiring

"Hope, that lifts the human soul  
To deeds of mighty fame."

Go ahead, therefore, for the honor of yourselves and your country. This is not the class of men to which "Yankee trick," "Yankee shave," or "Yankee bite," is usually applied, unless it has reference to some financial or banking scheme, or corrupt political manœuvre, for they are mostly as honorable and as intelligent a set of men as any country can boast. When it is said that "*he came the Yankee over him*," it is meant that the person was most elegantly and cleanly shaved in the transaction alluded to, so that the *shaver* can again meet the *shavee* with a fine, full, bold, quizzical look, that says, "*I stuck it into you that time, didn't I?*" and which gives the shaver no kind of pain, but, on the contrary, a good deal of self-gratulation. When, on the other hand, it is said, "*he came Paddy over him*," it is meant that the affair alluded to, was a mere rough, bungling

bite, possessing no adroitness, and having no pretension to that elegant and graceful manner in which "*a true Yankee*" will shave his most intimate friend, his motto being, "*There is no friendship in trade.*"

With regard to a smaller class of circumstances, I must state, that when a "true Yankee" comes into New-York to buy a bill of goods, he shows his list, and takes down the merchant's *lowest prices*. He then, in starting off, tells him that he will look around a little, and call again. In he goes to another store, where the same articles are sold, and after asking the prices, "Oh!" he says, "I can get these articles at such a store, for *these prices*," showing his list; "Will you put them any lower?" After getting the merchant to his lowest notch on every article, he says, "Well, I shall call again." Off he goes again to the first store, where he shows the merchant his last prices, and then observes, "How much lower can you afford to put them, and shall I take them of you?" The merchant frequently replies, that if they were put any lower, they would be less than cost!

If you happen to ask the same quality of man, "the true Yankee," to dine with you, perhaps with his wife or sister, or others, while he is eating your beef and drinking your wine he is as smooth as oil, and he will tell you, on departing, that you must call and see him. "Now, do call soon; and if you don't call at the house, *do call at the store.*" Well, if you don't happen to know the fellow in any other way than by mere general reputation, you may be induced to make a call; but, although you may have spent ten dollars on him and his company, in dinner and wine, if you ever get a dinner and wine out of him, you will

be kind enough to let Æsop know. He and his people would dance out of the way for six years before you would get it.

This same "true Yankee," if he wants a single copy of a certain book, will step into a bookstore, and ask how much a copy, if he will take fifty. "Well, so much," replies the bookseller. "Well, I'll take a copy, and show it to my uncle," cousin, or some other person. "But here," he says, laying down the wholesale price of a single copy, "I shall be back immediately!" That's the last of him; and well he did not steal it. Hundreds and thousands of such tricks as these, on a larger or smaller scale, to which an honorable mind could not stoop, together with equivocation and denial of facts when there was no evidence, are the circumstances which indicate "the true Yankee," no matter to what nation he may belong. It is, however, admitted among the New-York merchants, that the New-Englanders are extremely "cute" at this system. Honorable men, whether of New-England or not, can have no objection to have the characters of such persons portrayed in their true light.

In matters of religion, too, "the true Yankee" will be anything you please, with a very easy conscience. A Churchman, a Calvinist, a Quaker, a Baptist, a Papist, a Methodist, or a Mormon, will suit him equally well, so long as money can be made by his profession of faith. Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, who says he has been several times in heaven and hell, is a "true Yankee," of the "true Yankee States." There are a great many Joe Smiths, in commerce, politics, and religion, throughout this great and glorious country, who may expect to receive some comfort from the following confessions.

The "true Yankee" never rises in the morning, without the fixed determination of getting one hundred dollars out of somebody, by some scheme, trick, or trap; and, if he can't make this sum, he will take fifty, or any other trifle, down to the price of a dinner. The repudiating States are also blessed with a great number of those gentry; but Pennsylvania appears to possess more than her share, in the shape of "true Quaker Yankees," a set of the most unmitigated swindlers that has ever been permitted to taint the pure air of heaven. This, the honest Quakers, whose name is Legion, will not deny. Witness the Bank of the United States! Here they operated, with others, not by hundreds, but by hundreds of thousands, and millions, to the heart-rending ruin of the orphan and widow. What has become of the immense estate of Girard, which they controlled?

Some twenty-five years ago, a person of "*this quality*," a banker in New-York, had several ships at sea, and was said, at that time, to be worth a million of dollars, heard one morning, through a private source, that one of his ships had been lost, on which there was no insurance effected. He instantly sent a clerk to two offices, with instructions to get ten thousand dollars, at each, insured on the vessel; then kept still, to see what a day would bring forth. Next day, at one o'clock, no further news from the ship having arrived in the city, he sent the same clerk to the offices to say, "Thee need not fill up those policies, as I have heard from the ship." The answer was, "Tell Mr. B. that the policies were filled up yesterday." "Oh! very well," said the clerk, "let me have them!" In one hour after, news of the total loss of the ship arrived in the city.

I shall just notice another trick. Near the close of the late war with England, a sea captain, who was part owner of ship and freight, brought into the city of New-York a cargo of naval and military stores, which he was very anxious to sell, fearing the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which was then under negotiation in London. He sent his first mate to a large dealer in these articles, with an invoice, offering them for sale; but the merchant felt *shy*, fearing the effect of a peace on the market. The "true Yankee" captain then hit on an expedient, which effected his purpose to his full satisfaction. He fitted himself out in a suit of naval officer's uniform, called on the merchant who had seen his invoice, and stated that such quantities of such and such articles must be had, in two days, at the navy yard. The merchant, who was also a "true Yankee," knowing there was no other cargo of the articles in the city, was now shaved, for he ran to the ship and bought the whole cargo, for cash, at the highest mark, from the naval officer, now metamorphosed into a jolly tar, who looked as innocent as an angel of light!

The cases here presented, are a mere index to the elegant specimens of the "true Yankee" that will be unfolded in the following numbers, by the reader's humble servant, Æsop.

The chief intention of Æsop is, to lash vice wherever it has shown its "frightful mien;" to hold up all vicious and wicked men, with their base actions, to the scorn and contempt of well ordered society; to show virtue and virtuous actions in the pure, holy, brilliant light of truth. And to do this, he must take human nature as he finds it. The virtuous reader will, therefore, it is hoped, not be offended at some scenes, that, from

the nature of the case, Æsop has been obliged to present; for, a true picture of certain portions of society cannot be drawn without them.

With these preliminary remarks, I now inform the reader, that it was somewhere in these Yankee States, the precise spot I deem it unnecessary to name, that Tristram Slyman, the true Yankee, first saw the light of heaven, and where his soul has often since, in visions of the night, sported and played on the fairy scenes of his youth. Hear him.

My father, Jonathan Slyman, a small farmer, was a man of rather weak intellect, but, as a member of the Presbyterian Church, was most sincerely devoted to religion. My mother, on the contrary, whose maiden name was Amelia Jones, was an active, intelligent, ambitious woman, not in the least tinctured with bigotry or superstition; and, although not quite a Xantippe, yet she possessed sufficient womanhood to keep the deacon, my father, up to his work on the farm. My grandfather Slyman boasted his descent from one of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, and he made this so often the subject of remark, that my grandmother has sometimes been heard sarcastically to request him to get a medal struck, with his *head* on one side, and a *witch* on the other! My mother's father, David Jones, was for many years the teacher of our town school. He was a man of very superior learning, and one of those original geniuses who only want circumstances to make them distinguished in any age or country. He was an uncommonly handsome man, possessing much satirical wit, under the cloak of piety, which, from his vocation, and not from choice, he was obliged to assume. His manners were easy, elegant, and winning, so that he was not

only admired by the ladies, but dreaded by the men.

It was his constant practice to carry with him a small pocket Bible, which on all suitable occasions he was sure to display, as a genuine proof of the purity of his life and faith; yet he was, at heart and in *private* practice, a perfect skeptic and libertine. My mother has said, on many occasions, that he has often had twenty strings to his bow at a time, and that she really believed she was closely related to most of the young people in the neighborhood. Many a time she has laughed at his having Voltaire in one side-pocket, and the Bible in the other; while Gibbon, Volney, and Hume, were his bedfellows; and, all this time, presenting such a holy face to the world, as would make any person, who knew his heart, split his sides with laughter just to look at him. He of course looked on Moses as an old knave, and all who believed in the divinity of his revelation, as asses; and, although he was a perfect believer in the Supreme Being, and on many occasions has been known to bow, in the most sincere adoration, to the Ruler of all the worlds; yet he held the clergy, as a body, to be a set of cunning, selfish men, not a whit better in their vocation, as he used to express it, than the professors of the law in theirs. But he qualified this assertion with many honorable exceptions. Why my grandfather Jones adopted such unjust and erroneous opinions, will soon appear. A poisoned shaft, driven into his heart in early life, by the base conduct of a reverend hypocrite, has been the cause of all his subsequent aberrations from the path of virtue.

He on one occasion offered the Reverend Mr. Bluelight, the clergyman of our village church,



the following rebus, by way of testing his Bibliothecal knowledge :—

“ Ye saints, to exercise your wit,  
Two chapters find in Holy Writ,  
Just similar in every verse,  
Save only one, if you rehearse,  
You'll find divided just in two,  
The sense alike appears to you :  
Now, Reverend Bluelight, pray expound,  
Where those two chapters may be found ?”

“ David, my friend,” said Mr. Bluelight, “ I doubt there being any two such chapters in the Bible ; for, I have read that holy book so much, I think, if they were there, I must have noticed them.” “ Well,” said my grandfather, with a mighty solemn face, “ I have myself studied that blessed book very much, and scarce allow myself to look at any other, and I can tell you, sir, that these two chapters are the nineteenth of the Second of Kings, and the thirty-seventh of the Prophet Isaiah.” “ Impossible !” said Mr. Bluelight. “ Look for yourself,” said grandfather, handing him a copy of Voltaire instead of the Bible, having mistaken the pocket ! “ Why, Mr. Jones,” said the priest, “ what do you mean ?” My grandfather, discovering his mistake, quickly replied, “ I mean just what I say,” handing him the Bible from the other pocket. “ I wish you to look at that first book, to see if I might be permitted to read it.” “ What,” said Mr. Bluelight, “ Voltaire !” “ Oh ! then you know it ?” “ Certainly,” said Mr. Bluelight. “ That's quite sufficient for me ; then I'll read it, as I have the example of my spiritual guide.”

“ But I did not say I read it, yet I know it to be a book of bad character.” “ I can't take your opinion, sir, on a book you have never read. It may

be a book of bad character, but since you cannot give me a fair opinion of its defects, I must read it to satisfy myself." "Very well, Mr. Jones, you are like the child, who, although forbidden, would still run his finger into the candle, to see if it would burn." "Excuse me, sir," said grandfather, "I am not quite a baby, and can judge for myself."

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## CHAPTER II.

"When chains of bigotry the soul doth bind,  
And superstition sways the simple mind,  
Science alone can break the tyrant's chain,  
And give man light, and liberty, again!"

TRISTRAM.

My father was a man of middle stature, light frame, but well put together. He was extremely benevolent and charitable, and tender-hearted to a fault. He was truly, a good, devoted, exemplary Christian. He was an amiable husband, a good, kind father, and the very best of neighbors. But, with these good qualities, he united to his religion a belief in witchcraft and witches, in ghosts, goblins, and fairies. He believed, with other sects, that angels from heaven administered to himself and the *elect* on earth, and that devils were constantly urging the wicked on to deeds of sin and death. He fancied that God would reveal to him any forbidden act committed against himself or others of the elect, through a certain method, which he knew, of turning the Bible on a key. I have seen him do this on one or two occasions, when some articles of linen were stolen from the yard. He put the key into the Bible in the book of Ruth, then tied a string around the

book to hold the key fast. Himself and another person, one of the elect, for it would not act for any other, then held up the Bible by the ring of the key, while he used some words after this manner: "And Ruth said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," &c.; and, after repeating the verses of Scripture, he would say, and "if such a person was the thief, and answer thereunto, let it be known, Lord," when, if the real thief was named, the Bible would turn off their fingers! What agency either one or the other of these weak men had in moving the key, the reader can judge of as well as I can. But my mother, who was frequently a looker-on, often laughed this magical superstition to scorn, while she told me and the children not to be such asses as to believe in the trash.

I was then about ten years old, my mind and affections very tender, so that I thought my father one of the most holy men in the world, and often contrasted his amiable temper with my mother's more off-handed and sometimes passionate manner, which was much increased by what she thought my father's religious and superstitious folly. To show how disposed I was, at that age, to believe every word uttered by my father, I shall now relate a simple circumstance, which took place as he sat one evening by the fire. He happened to make a noise, for which mother reproved him. "Oh!" said he, ironically, but which I took to be perfectly sincere, "that air is not perfumed." For more than two years after this, I verily believed him to be so *holy* that what he said really was the case. Nor could I be convinced otherwise, until, on one occasion, my olfactories proved to me the contrary fact. This shows how easy it is to direct the tender mind.

My mother's mind was so tinctured with the philosophy of her father, which he never disguised from her, that, although she respected my father sincerely, yet she despised and ridiculed his bigotry and superstition. And I have observed, on many occasions, when at family prayer, with my brother and two sisters, that my mother smiled sarcastically at several of his peculiar expressions. This, I am aware, was extremely wrong in presence of her children. Sometimes he would call the family together to morning and evening prayer, for three months in succession, and then again he would be as many months that he appeared to pray for nobody but himself! He was moved to religious devotion by impulses; sometimes by the death of a neighbor, or relation, which was natural; at other times, by a rousing sermon from a strange clergyman; but appeared never to be governed by settled, philosophical, religious principles, excepting those of election and reprobation.

Having arrived at my twelfth year, the principles of my mother began to gain the ascendancy over me; and the picture which she drew of my grandfather Jones, who died before my memory, was so glowing, so fascinating, that I determined to rival him, if possible, in learning, libertinism, and hypocrisy.

A circumstance, which occurred just about this time, was very near setting my poor father crazy for life, as it for some time rendered him "*non compos mentis*." It was this.

A student of Yale College communicated to me, on one of his vacations, a mode of writing on an egg, that, to appearance, could be done by no human hand; and to the uninitiated, unsophisticated country farmer, it would appear like the work of the Lord, or nature herself. I took three fresh

eggs, and, with a pen and some melted tallow, wrote on the first, "To your tents, O Israel! and be watchful;" on the second, "The sword of the Lord," with the representation of a naked sword; and on the third, "I am that I am," with a rayed face of the sun. These three eggs were put into strong vinegar, and let remain for some hours. The acid, of course, destroyed that part of the shell, to a certain depth, not protected by the tallow, and, when taken out and washed, the letters and characters remained complete, where they were written. The letters being projected out farther than the other part of the shell, made the thing appear as though the eggs were laid in that condition, and to ordinary minds was a perfect miracle. These eggs were placed in a hen's nest, where Cato, our black, might find them, so as to make the wonder perfectly effective. But father happened to get them first, and came running to the house like a madman, trembling all over, in an ague fit, with fear and agitation. "Oh! Amelia, my dear," he said to mother, "we are lost; the world is coming to an end! Let us pray to the Lord to extend his mercy toward us, poor, miserable sinners! Down on your knees, and pray, my family! Come, let us pray to God for mercy." And down on his knees he went, and commenced praying most heartily. My mother, not being acquainted with the trick, thought my father was going mad, of course. She seized him by the collar, shook him, demanding what was the matter, he holding the eggs up to heaven in both hands. She called for water, threw it in his face and on his head, but still he kept the eggs and his eyes directed to heaven in solemn prayer.

This scene wrought on me severely, to think I had been the cause of so much fear and anguish

to so good a father. I ran to him, attempted to allay his fears by telling him that I had made the letters on the eggs, and put them in the nest, to frighten Cato, the black. But he paid no attention to me, still holding his eyes and hands to heaven! A medical man, our neighbor, at this moment stepped in, and pronounced my father insane! "What do you say, doctor?" cried mother. "I say, madam, that Deacon Slyman is a mad-man; he has lost his mind, and must be taken care of." "Oh! good heavens!" cried my mother, "I have often thought that it would come to this! But, doctor, will he remain so?" "Can't say," replied Doctor Cureall. We must try and get him calm, by removing these eggs from his hands, and taking him to his chamber. But," says the doctor, "why has he these eggs in this manner?" "Can't say," replied mother, not having understood what I had said to father, she was in such confusion.

Doctor Cureall then took him by the left hand, in which he held one egg, and, in attempting to take it away, father squeezed the right hand so tightly that he broke the other two eggs, the contents of which, pouring down his wrist, seemed to rouse him from his state of vacant stupor, for he had for some minutes become as still as a statue.

He then jumped to his feet, and made a scream, with his hands lifted to heaven, that pierced to my very soul! Oh! I never can forget that scream! that look!! that attitude!!! I had made my father a maniac! What shall I do? Where shall I run? And, under these feelings, I had made up my mind to run off and hang myself, when the doctor, who had examined the eggs, turned to mother and said, "Here, Mrs. Slyman, I see what is the matter.

This writing has frightened your husband. It is the cause of his present misfortune. But don't be alarmed; I think it will not last. Let us lay him on the bed;" which was done. This opinion of the doctor gave me a ray of hope, and changed my resolution, for the time, of carrying my suicidal plan into execution, which I have often since regretted that I had not done.

Perceiving that my communication about the eggs was not noticed by mother, I then began to fear a disclosure, and came to the resolution to let the thing remain a secret, lest I should be roughly and scandalously dealt with. My brother George had no hand in this hoax, and, on being interrogated by mother and the doctor, we both sternly denied knowing anything about it. This first, deliberate lie, gave me some pain, as I told it with uplifted hands; but then I still thought that there was something gained by the denial; and, as I concluded that the revelation could now do my father no good, I made up my mind to persist in the lie, while I should appear very devout. So my character for hypocrisy, was established before I was thirteen years of age.

"This is quite a curious egg," says the doctor; "he was no fool that did it." "Why, doctor," says mother, examining the letters closely, and trying to scrape them off with her scissors, "nobody ever did this; the egg was laid so! Don't you see? this is the shell! The shell and letters are all the same! I am terrified, doctor." At this she began to turn pale; and, notwithstanding her natural strength of mind, she fainted in the doctor's arms! "Now, my fears were again aroused, and my guilt so poignant, at not revealing the secret to mother and the doctor, that I was again starting off to commit suicide. Just at this moment,

I perceived returning animation, when the doctor, who was a man about thirty years of age, and who held mother on his left arm, gently pressed a kiss on her beautiful pale lips, saying, "She will soon be over it, *the dear soul!*" Although I had not the smallest idea that there was any harm in this act of the doctor, yet that gentle freedom of a gentle kiss, and "*the dear soul!*" kept ringing in my ears for months afterwards. But then, he was Doctor Cureall, and had a right to resuscitate her, even at the expense of a kiss.

"But this egg, doctor?" said my mother, on recovering. "Why, my dear madam, some person has put these letters on by some chemical process, but I do not exactly know how." This calmed my mother some, who shook her head, and took a seat by the side of father's bed. My father was upwards of four months before he fully recovered his mind, and was constantly attended by Doctor Cureall, who, during that time, did not fail to *administer* to my mother also.

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### CHAPTER III.

What is the soul of mortal man?  
Does it consist in mind, or will?  
Does pale insanity forbid  
This essence to remain behind?  
Or, does it fly to worlds unknown,  
To leave the temple here a ruin?"

TRISTRAM.

My mother was married in her seventeenth year, and was, at this time, about thirty years of age. She was an extremely beautiful woman, and still retained all her personal charms in perfection. In stature she was a little above the middle size,



with a figure of great symmetry and grace. Her countenance, when she met a friend, beamed with animation and love. Her soul could be seen in her beautiful and brilliant black eyes. Her mouth and teeth were beautiful in the extreme. Her hair was a very dark brown. Her ears, hands, and feet were small; and her bust, uncommon in American women, was a perfect Venus de Medicis. Oh! with what rapture I have reclined on that bosom! and with what emotion I to this day remember those polished globes, which gave me nourishment and life! I don't at all wonder that other men should love what was so charming and lovely. But my father did not appear really to appreciate their value; yet he adored, after, his own manner, with great sincerity. Her mind, which was naturally bright and capacious, was well stored with the graces and gems of literature. Her father, who was an ambitious man, had excited her natural enthusiasm for the acquisition of knowledge. She was conversant with ancient and modern history up to her time; with the writings of Milton, Thomson, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, and Addison; and, notwithstanding the puritanical cast of the place and times in which she lived, Shakspeare could be found among her books. My father has, on many occasions, exclaimed against her readings, but she put down her foot, to her good mild husband, in a most respectful yet determined manner, on this head, and "was mistress of herself, though Rome should fall." Her answer was, "take your way in the church, I shall take mine in the world." At this tender age I loved my mother, not only as a parent, but for her beauty alone. "Oh! ma," I used to say, "you look like a picture," seizing her round the neck to embrace her. From this time, my mother occupied my whole soul. I thought

her the most perfect being that ever lived on earth. And I do now think, had circumstances been the same, Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, would not have been her equal.

“Many a flower has bloomed to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

This trick, played off on Cato, but which fell on my father, gave me a relish for playing off similar tricks on others, as I derived great pleasure from this kind of sport. Our house, a two story frame building with green blinds, such as are well known in New-England, was situated across the street from the Presbyterian church. Myself and brother George, (I was the older child,) occupied a chamber on one end of the second story. My two sisters, Sophia and Anne, the other end, while father and mother occupied a room on the first floor.

I must here observe, that the many arguments between father and mother, and others, held in my presence, on the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, election, and reprobation, had driven me to the conclusion that, if this doctrine were true, I must be one of the reprobates, as I ~~felt~~ no real disposition to be religious, but, on the contrary, an overruling disposition to enjoy the pleasures of the world. And I must confess, that, in this same doctrine, which embraces “infants in hell not a span long,” may be found my ready disposition to commit suicide at so tender an age, for despair of ever going to heaven had often seized on me. And many a time before I was thirteen years old, under the influence of this awful belief, I wished I had never been born! I therefore concluded to assume a smooth exterior, yet to follow in the track of my grandfather Jones. If, says I to myself, I am to be damned, I can’t alter my fate by anything

I can do ; and I therefore may as well be damned for "a sheep as a lamb," so I shall follow the bent of my mind, while I present a fair, sly surface to the world.

Our Sabbath commenced at sundown on Saturday night, and ended at sundown on Sunday night, during which twenty-four hours we all put on long religious faces, that always looked, to mother, most ludicrous, as her countenance ever wore a smile. But we were tinctured with the manners and aspect of good old Deacon Slyman.

On one of these Sabbath evenings, just before bedtime, the church bell began to ring in a most violent manner ! The family all rushed to the door, to see the fire which this ringing indicated, but no fire could be discovered anywhere in the village. I was asking mother, from my chamber window, over head, what this could mean, when the sexton was seen running to the church in great trepidation. Father, with a number of others, ran to the church, where no person was found, the bell-rope remaining perfectly still, yet the bell kept thundering away, as though the devil himself was ringing. Lights were then procured, and a search made, up to the belfry, where no person could be found, yet the clapper of the bell was seen to ring without any visible cause. This so terrified the whole company, that they were near breaking their necks in making their way from the church ! By this time, a number more had collected below, but, on receiving the report, I tell you they "made tracks" for home, as fast as their legs could carry them. I could no longer contain myself, but fell back on my chair, in a roar of laughter at the ghost-terrified loons, among whom was one of our selectmen, that were running for their lives.

Just before night, while the sexton was sweeping the church, I ascended to the bell with a ball of kite twine, tied one end to the head of the tongue, and threw the ball out of the blinds. I cut one strand of the twine that went round the tongue, so that, on a violent pull, it would break just there, that I might bring the line into my room, where I had thrown the ball, and where I sat ringing, to the great terror of the good people of the village.

This again set my father a praying. He had the whole family on their knees in five minutes, praying for protection against the devil, who was going about like a roaring lion, (now a ringing lion,) seeking whom he might devour. Mother, who heard me laugh, wished to know the cause, when I told her I laughed to see the old chaps run like boys. "Don't be alarmed, mother, I know the cause of the ringing." She smelt a rat, but, fearing my father's holy wrath, she kept this trick to herself; yet I saw that it gave her some pleasure, to know her hopeful son was such an arch fellow.

The next day presented to me, in church, a rich treat. The congregation had come prepared for something awful, and, instead of looking at the Reverend Mr. Bluelight, who was preaching a sermon suited to the occasion, on "the influence of good and evil spirits," their eyes were constantly turned to the belfry and door, expecting, every moment, the reappearance of the devil, the pew doors being open, and all being ready for a start. This mysterious affair caused a *great revival of religion* in the village, and through the neighborhood, and no doubt is talked of as a wonder, even to this day.

Deacon Longface, during this sermon, sat in his usual place at the church door, with one eye up

the belfry, looking for the devil, and the other in the street, after any of the devil's children that might, from choice or necessity, be passing along.

This saint's name was Calvin Longface. He was not only a deacon in the church, but also one of the selectmen of the town, and, from his great zeal for the cause of religion, and to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, he was quite satisfied to sit and watch the movements of his neighbors, instead of deriving any benefit from the minister's discourse. He kept his horse tied in a shed, near the church, to be ready for a chase after any mounted traveller or other person that might pass, who was always fined a dollar for Sabbath-breaking, and mostly detained over Sunday. This Calvin Longface, like many other hypocritical rascals, who were at that time scattered all over New-England, was the wealthiest man of the village; in consequence of which he arrogated more to himself, and assumed more authority, than his official station gave him. In person he was tall and thin, with a long, grave, snarling countenance, on every feature of which you could read miser and bigot, a union of qualities than which nothing on earth can be conceived more contemptible.

He read one book, mechanically, the interpretation of which he no more understood than his old brown horse, with which he raced after the travellers. This book was the Bible. But to describe on paper the nasal twang and drawl with which this bigot read that good book, no person can possibly do; yet I could give, to this day, a first rate personification of this fellow. No doubt the reader has seen many like him.

This bigot was the terror of the boys, as well as of many of the grown persons of the town, as

he was continually disturbing their amusements, and even their necessary passage from one house to another. If a father went to see a sick son, or a daughter a sick mother, this chap was sure to find it out, and, if he could, fine them a dollar, cash. Although quite rich, having a large store in the village, kept on his capital in another man's name, and a large landed property, with funds in New-Haven and New-York, this miser bigot would not do a poor person the smallest favor, nor would he give the smallest assistance to a poor Irish woman, who was dying with starvation and disease in the village, because, as he said, she belonged to the Pope of Rome! He and his unhappy family were as thin as bean-poles, for want of a generous, nutritive diet, as he mostly kept them upon Indian meal spawn, which run out almost as fast as it went in. "See the bigot ass," my mother used to say, as he sat himself down at the church door, to *watch*, and not to *pray*. This fellow used to send spies into an adjoining town, where there was an Episcopalian society, with a view to catch any of the people walking out on Sunday, or doing anything else for which the fine of a dollar might be collected! But we are not to blame a whole people, when we know that it was such fellows as this that made the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, so notorious in the history of New-England.

Father had given me a male lamb, some years before, which I had made a great pet, and to which I had taught several tricks, and, among the rest, the trick of butting, by holding my head down, and making a butt. But this ram got so bold at last, that he would not only fight a man, but never refused combat with a bull.

Well, this Sunday, as I sat in my window with my shutters nearly closed, I observed Deacon

Longface in his usual place at the church door, as appeared to me rather in a doze, for he made an occasional nod. Now for fun, said I to myself, when I ran to the yard, brought the ram to the gate, and let him into the street, leaving the gate open. He looked round for a moment, when he observed Deacon Longface daring him to "awful combat," by his sleeping nods! Off the ram goes, and coming up sideways to the door, made his usual rear on his hind legs, and brought the deacon such a poke on the side of his pate as levelled him on the floor! The ram was still ready for combat, and as the sexton, a harmless creature, who was near by, stooped to pick up the deacon, the ram met him with a butt on the top of his head that almost broke his skull! Down he went, senseless! But the ram was still ready for fight, nor was he driven from his object until the congregation rushed out on him, thinking the devil had come in sheep's clothing. Of course some one, by accident, left the gate open, which brought the ram into the street! I fell on the floor of my room and kicked, in a fit of laughing, which, from its salutary influence, must have increased my flesh. So far, I felt revenged on the old serpent.

From this time, I began to think that all those miracles, which are on record in the Old and New Testaments, were nothing more than tricks played off by cunning persons on the superstitions of the weak and ignorant mass of mankind; and, on making this suggestion to my mother, I found that she herself, as well as her father before her, had already come to that conclusion! This bright idea rather encouraged my ardor in this kind of sport, which became a source of great pleasure, though of ultimate pain, which proves that this opinion was founded in error.

About three years from this time, an old clergyman, of one of the adjoining towns, who had often visited our house, and who was a perfect believer in ghosts and religious ghost stories, made the family a visit. He occupied my room, and myself and brother a small room in the rear, which opened into it. During the evening the conversation had turned on the wonders that had happened, in the village, and many other strange stories that he related, all of which he ascribed to a supernatural cause. The evening's conversation concluded by prayer, and all retired to rest. Just before prayer, I had stepped up stairs, and stuck a fish-hook, with a line to it, in the under side of the old man's pillow, and dropped the line along the wall to the head of my bed. Being now prepared for more fun, I went to bed, holding the old man in conversation about the strange things which he had related during the evening, pretending to be somewhat afraid; and, while he was telling me to put my trust in God, and fear nothing, I made a pull on the line. For a moment, he was still! He then cried, "Scat! scat!" when, on telling him there was no cat in the house, I made another haul, which brought him to his feet on the floor. "Tristram!" "Sir," said I; "what's the matter?" "Tristram, the devil is in the room" "Get up," says my brother George, "and see what ails Mr. Simple." This terrified Mr. Simple still more, for he did not know but what George, whom he had not heard speak till now, might be in his room. "Tristram! the devil is most certainly here! He has pulled my pillow from under my head! Let us have a light." "George," said I, "run down for a light. And while George was after the light, I picked up the pillow, detached the hook, and returned the



pillow to the bed. The light came, the room was searched, but nothing could be discovered, when the old man requested me to sleep with him the remainder of the night, which I did.

Next morning, at breakfast, he appeared very much cast down, and requested me not to say anything about the matter, as he might be mistaken. Night again came, but not a word passed about hoblins, goblins, ghosts, or fairies.

The time for retiring had again arrived, when mother directed me to light the Reverend Mr. Simple to his chamber. I took the candle, George and myself going ahead, he following. I noticed that he looked sharply on either side, as he passed along the entry and up stairs. When in the apartment, I closed the door, and with the candle went around to every corner, looking for a cat, that might have come from a neighbor's house, under the bed, up the chimney, in a small cupboard, while he remained perfectly still, looking on. To give him more assurance that there was nothing in my room, I called him to see what a nice little room we had to sleep in, when he looked in, and assured himself that there was no cat there. I then put the light on a chest of drawers, when we all went to private prayer. How much I prayed, the reader may judge. The clergyman got into bed, offering up a prayer for protection from evil, at which moment I put out the light; and on pretext of pulling up the quilt on his bed with one hand, I attached the hook to his pillow with the other. Now for the fun, said I to myself.

I got George into conversation, and while thus engaged gave a jerk on the line, when the reverend gentleman cried out, "Tristram!" "Sir," said I, making another haul, which tore a piece out of the pillow case; the old man holding on

the pillow case with both his hands, crying, "Lord, save me from the devil!" several times repeated, when he made another scream, throwing himself on his back in the bed, with both hands clenched, and lifted toward heaven, muttering, "Save me, Lord Jesus, from the devil!" In this condition I found him when I approached the bed; and, on my hand accidentally touching the lower part of the bedquilt, he let another scream, crying, "There he is, again!" "No, sir," said I, "that was me." "Oh!" said he, "was it? Oh! Lord!"

He was now just like a man suffering with the gout when his toe is touched, his imagination and fears had been wrought up to such a pitch. The noise brought father and mother up stairs, when Mr. Simple, under much excitement and terror, told the affairs of both nights. My mother gave me a look, which showed clearly that she well knew who the devil was, yet I could see a faint smile play on her lips, which said "What simpletons these fanatics are." But on turning my eyes on my father, to see what effect the relation had on him, I was filled with terror and anguish in the extreme, on beholding him a perfect maniac! The eggs, the bell, and now the ghost, or devil, proved too much for my father's already weak intellect. His eyes had assumed an awful, vacant stare! His jestures became quick and violent. With his left hand on his hip, while his right was pointed up to heaven, in a low, murmuring voice, he cried, "There he is! See him! See him! In the clouds! Lightning! Lightning!" And then he would make a halloo, with both hands lifted towards heaven, crying out, in a perfect scream, "Stop him! stop him! I'm coming!" at which he rushed out of the room, and into the

street; but where he went, no one could tell; and, although the neighbors made search nearly all night, he was not to be found.

This scene, the reader will suppose, should have wrought reformation on his hopeful son, Tristram; but he will see, in the sequel, how that has been.

I now began to argue with myself, whether I had better commit suicide, or run away, as my conduct had done the same as to have murdered my father. I decided, however, to adopt the latter alternative; so I started, with my best clothes on, about an hour before day, taking the road to New-Haven, without ever bidding my beloved mother farewell!

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Sally was nature's bride, and knew not this;

Sally was passion's child, born where the sun  
Showers brilliant light, and scorches even the kiss

Of his black-eyed daughters. She was one  
Made but to love and feel that she was his

Who was her chosen. What was said or done  
Elsewhere, was nothing; she had nought to fear,  
Her David loved—that's all—*her heart beat here.*"

BYRON AMENDED.

I MUST now digress a little to give the sayings and doings of my maternal grandfather, David Jones, which I shall present, from a sketch left by himself. In those remote days, as well as at present, there was a kind of courtship among the young men and women of New-England, which was, and is still, known by the name of "bundling;" and it appears to have been looked on as a harmless thing by the parents of the girl, as

most young men had in this way obtained their wives. This system was conducted as follows. The young fellow repaired to his sweetheart's house just before bedtime, and, on the family retiring, the couple would take their place on the girl's bed, mostly in their clothes, where courtship would be carried on through the night, unless the young fellow got so tired that he slipped away before morning! Sometimes the girl partly stripped, and sometimes both were stripped. No harm in *the thing*, you know! their fathers and mothers did the same; and the same thing was, and is, to this day, carried on among the Dutch settlers of New-York, Pennsylvania, and New-Jersey, as well as in New-England.

The parties would keep this practice going on, sometimes for years, unless appearances compelled the beaux to run away or marry. If they got dissatisfied with each other, or if the man proved truant, the girl would take another beau, and if nothing happened to appear on the surface, the sweetheart did not care much who had been before him, as it was in the girl's power to declare her innocence. Those beaux do not appear to have been very delicate or sensitive on the subject. He would not, indeed, dare to name a former lover, for this would send him adrift, and deprive him of the exquisite pleasure he desired. But my grandfather Jones conducted this thing in a more refined way, not only before, but for many years after marriage, and from his own sketch, he appeared quite as successful among the married as among the single ladies. He has often been heard to say, that there were only three virtuous women in New-England, and that they were his daughter Amelia, and his two sisters. (How very often men are mistaken!) And he used

further to add, that even there was nothing in their nature to make them so; that it was the effect of his refined philosophy, that elevated and fortified their minds against bending to the foibles of their sex.

My grandmother Jones's maiden name was Sally Dwight, and my grandfather states, in his sketch, that in his twenty-fourth year he had the pleasure of courting her in the manner above described, although it did not exactly suit his refined notions of female delicacy, but he consoles himself by assuring us that he was the lucky first lover, which was very rare, and which he knew to a demonstration.

My grandfather Jones states his courtship to have been carried on after this manner, on arriving at Sally Dwight's house.

*David Jones.* Good evening, Miss Sally.

*Sally Dwight.* Oh! good evening, David. Take a chair.

*David.* Fine night this, Sally.

*Sally.* Yes, beautiful, David.

*David.* I have been contemplating the starry heavens, as I came along, and admiring their majesty and grandeur, Miss Sally.

*Sally.* Oh! yes, David. As you know almost everything, do tell us something about the stars. What are they?

*David.* Well, Sally, my love, it would take a long time to tell even the little that we do know about the solar system and the starry heavens.

*Sally.* What is the solar system, David?

*David.* Why, my angel, it is the system of Sol, the sun which shines on your beautiful, enchanting face, when you look at him.

These last words went to her ear in an undertone.

*Sally.* Oh! David, what a rogue you are. How you flatter.

*David.* Flatter, Sally! Can you flatter the fresh blown rose? the new blown tulip? the April primrose? the morning-glory, that expands its beauteous corolla at early dawn?

*Sally.* No, indeed.

*David.* Neither can I flatter you, my angel, as you are all bloom, all odor, all truth, all love!

Now Sally approached the back of David's chair, where he sat sideways, and said in an under-tone, "Oh! David, I wish you were sincere in your professions. You don't know how sick you make me at the stomach with your talk!"

*Sally.* But do tell us something about the stars, David.

*David.* Well, I shall, Sally.

The old man and woman looked on this scene with great interest, as they deemed my grandfather the greatest scholar in America, and considered him a most desirable husband for their daughter.

*David.* Well, then, Sally, have you not noticed a large belt of light, which appears to be composed of innumerable stars, and which passes nearly north and south through the heavens?

*Sally.* Certainly I have.

*David.* This, then, Sally, is called the galaxy, or milky way, because the light has a milky appearance. Now, Sally, my love, the astronomers say that each of these stars (your eyes) is a sun, just like that (beautiful face) which shines on us every day.

*Sally.* But David, can you explain why there are so many more suns in the milky way than in any other part of the heavens?

*David.* The astronomers, Sally, have never

been able to do this ; yet I think I can give your question a very plausible answer. Every globe gravitates to every other globe, in the ratio of the mass of matter contained in each. I think it is very clear, then, that the stars are quite as numerous in every other part of the heavens as they are in the milky way. The other stars, or suns, (your eyes,) which do not appear, have not yet either been kindled into flame, (like my heart,) or they are already burned out. That there are innumerable masses of matter, composed of carbon and hydrogen, similar to our sun, scattered throughout space, but not yet ignited into flame, and other masses which have been burning for myriads of ages, some of which yet burn and others are extinct, I have no doubt.

*Sally.* But David, I saw a black spot on the sun the other day ; how do you account for that ?

*David.* Those black spots, (you have no black spots, my love,) which appear on the sun's disk, or face, are formed by an immense stream of carburated hydrogen gas, which issues from the opaque body of the sun, and drives off the sun's atmosphere from that spot, (just as the wind blows the veil from your heavenly face.)

Old Mr. and Mrs. Dwight now began to yawn for bed, not clearly understanding my grandfather's disquisition on the stars, and immediately retired, leaving David and Sally "*tete-a-tete*," on the subject.

*David.* Kiss me, my love.

*Sally.* No, David, but you may kiss me, if you please.

*David.* No sooner said than done, Sally ; there it goes, smack.

*Sally.* I am getting sleepy, David.

*David.* Then let us give up star-gazing, and turn in, Sally.

“‘Thou art my lover, and my lord, David  
Dear. In thee my soul is centred, truly.  
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more,  
Is woman’s happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons and their change; all please alike.

“‘Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and that fair moon,  
And those bright gems of heaven, her starry train.

“‘But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun,  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird; or walk by moon;  
Or glittering starlight, *without thee, is sweet.*’”

“Then David, filled with joy, to her replied:  
‘*Here* love his golden shafts employs; *here* lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;  
Reigns *here*, and revels;—not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared  
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain:  
But we, as lovers, now embracing, feel  
We’re blest! and oh! yet happiest, if before  
This union, we resolve to know no more.’”



My grandfather did not exactly approve of the plan, yet how could he back out from so innocent and beautiful a creature as Sally Dwight? She adored him with her whole soul. She loved him with all the fervor of woman's first love.

"She loved him with a love so pure,  
To him alone her thoughts could turn;  
She loved, but he was not so sure  
His love, for her, would always burn."

This is the way, then, that our New-England girls generally secured their husbands, by the union of persons, and not of purses.

My grandfather Jones sketches that portion of his early life up to his marriage, as follows:

When seven years old, I was sent to the village school, in one of those delightful, quiet villages in Massachusetts, where my parents, as well as myself, first saw the light of heaven. The inhabitants of this village were mostly all agriculturists. The district of country in which this village is situated is quite romantic, the village itself consisting of a single street, about half a mile long, running along a valley formed by two ridges of land; the surface of the neighboring country being formed into waves and ravines, either by the subterranean fires that boiled up the lava of this terraqueous globe, long before man or any other animal had its being, or by the mighty flood of water that rolled off to the great depressions of the earth, now called seas and oceans, formed by the falling in of the crust of this mighty world.

The village church, built of wood, was situated on the centre of this street, with a passage on each side, and the village school-house, a small wooden building, about twenty by thirty feet, was

located at the west end. Besides the Reverend Mr. Bullneck and Doctor Squash, there was Schoolmaster Crane, Thomas Trotter the sexton, with Bill Redlegs the tailor, and Tom Alldrich the shoemaker. These three last were of very ordinary domestic manufacture. We had one house of entertainment, kept by Boniface Joslyn, who was ever seen in a laughing attitude, ay, even at the death of his wife! The sign of this house of "entertainment for man and horse," which stood near a small shed with a manger for feed, was a square board, with something like a man and horse daubed on each side, hung by hinges on a pole set in the ground, about ten feet high. It swung to and fro with the wind. At the east end of the village, crossed the road a small stream of perfectly clear and cool water, which came gurgling from the rising ground in the west. Along this stream of water was a wagon track, which went up the gradually sloping hill for about forty rods, when it entered a thick forest of trees. This thicket contained a most delightful natural pond, or lake, of an oval shape, containing about five acres of water, as clear and cool as any that ever rippled from mountain spring. The shelter was so perfect around this charming lake, which derived its waters partly from the adjacent mountain, and partly from a spring within itself, that a ripple was seldom seen on its surface. On the east edge of this lake, which in the centre had no discovered bottom, stood my father's neat wooden cottage, enclosed by a garden of about one acre of inclining land, and in full view of a bluff of the Green Mountains, which presented itself in the western sky. This is the spot in which I was born. All around this little sea, as we used to call it, close to the water's edge, were erected little houses for the

ducks and geese to hatch in, for of these aquatic tribes we had great numbers. They sometimes made our little sea to foam by their sports in fluttering and diving. Oh! how often I have sat to enjoy the sports of these domestic birds on that delightful pond! My heart, even at this moment, yearns to be there again.

The Reverend Mr. Bullneck was about five feet eight inches high, thick set, with a large, wide head, low forehead, projecting occiput, and thick neck. His general aspect was austere, with a canting, hypocritical face, voluptuous mouth, and vulgar features, but could, to the fair sex, put on a most winning manner, as his face showed intellectually. His motions were slow, but energetic. To a judge of human nature, he presented the aspect of a man who was to be feared, more than respected or loved. He possessed eloquence, and made great points in his sermons, which were delivered with much energy and force. He was hypocritically wicked beyond a parallel, and low in his passions and desires, yet he was a man of no ordinary acquirements as a scholar. In his demeanor to men he was stiff and methodical; in his arguments, sarcastic and dogmatical, and often insulting, particularly if driven to a corner. But his behavior to the female sex, excepting his own family, to whom he was austere, extremely despotic, and even cruel, was of the most bending, the most bland and winning kind, as his words flowed like the nectar of early dawn on their delighted ears! This habitual deference for the ladies had grown up with him from early youth, having been a great admirer of the sex. This reverend gentleman was also at this time a man of family, and thought himself, or wished other people to think him, a most excellent and exem-

plary Christian ; yet, from the occasional remarks he was heard to make to the ladies about his own age, it could easily be seen that he had some few sins to answer for. A little chap like myself was not noticed by old and grave people, so that many has been the conversation which took place in my presence between the saint, as he was styled, and his female friends. I was the youngest child of a family of four, and my mother, who was at this time about forty, had not as yet lost her youthful appearance. One of these conversations was going on one day, between her and the parson, who sat by the fire, while I was whittling a stick in one corner of the room.

"Well Lucy," said Saint Bullneck to my mother, "those were pleasant times, but still they have cost us much pain and repentance."

"True," said mother, "but how could one avoid it? Why, my friend, the anxious feeling I had in waiting for you, the hope you inspired, and the expectation of seeing you, were almost equal to the pleasure I derived from your presence. The state of excitement I was often kept in, was itself a constant source of delight, and I don't know that I can say that I regret it, even to this day!"

"Why, Lucy, you inspire me even now with new desires, by this candid confession of your amiable weakness."

"But," continued he, "do you think it has ever been suspected?"

"Never," replied mother, "never!"

"You say that he looks just as I did, when I was his age."

"So he does, parson."

"Why, this alone," said the parson, "ought to excite suspicion."

"Not at all," said mother, "husbands are always too vain, you know, of being fathers. This is the last thing they consent to believe!"

"But that strong likeness! I tell you, Lucy, I have often felt afraid. I have paid the boy so much attention, too, on so many occasions."

"Oh! you know this belongs to your office, and goes for *grace* and not for *nature*."

"True, true," said he, "'suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Where is he now?" asked Mr. Bullneck.

"With his *father*, down on the farm," was the reply, at which word, *father*, Bullneck gave a significant smile.

"How comes it, Lucy, that you maintain your youthful appearance so long?"

"Why," says mother, "I permit nothing to trouble me."

"Why, Lucy, I fancy that you have grown younger and handsomer even since I came in to see you to-day."

"How can it be otherwise," said mother, "since you are yourself so inspiring?"

At this moment, I raised my eyes, and found Mr. Bullneck looking sternly at me, which, on perceiving, my mother said,

"David, my dear, run down to the field and see what papa and John are doing, and tell them dinner will be ready in an hour."

"Yes ma'm," said I, running out. In going through the garden, I saw mother come to the window, to look after me, but instantly disappeared, as if she was pulled back, when a thought struck me that I should return. On stepping to the little low window, to ask mother how long she had said until dinner would be ready, and on quietly looking in— ! \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER V.

To cultivate the garden of the mind,  
Let me an active tutor here but find,  
To sow the seeds of learning, virtue, wit ;  
To water, mould, and train them as they grow.  
On the green bank of some fair lake to sit,  
With such a man, is paradise below.  
No pompous college hall can equal this ;  
No mode of learning, here, can give such bliss.

DAVID.

BEFORE this transaction, I thought our parson as pure and holy as an angel from heaven, and, even now, hardly knew what to make of the affair. I ran down to father, but said nothing about it. Yet I must here confess, that this laid the foundation of all my skepticism, and of my constantly maintained bad opinion of the clergy, as it grew with my growth and strengthened by my strength, although I am aware, that it is extremely unjust to censure a large body of good men, for the bad behavior of a few.

This affair came off on a Friday, and on the following Sabbath, as usual, we all went to hear Saint Bullneck at the village church. The text was, "The world passeth away, with the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever." After amplifying on the world, and lust of the world, to the great edification of the congregation, he commenced showing what "the will of God" meant. "Then, my hearers," said the saint, "I take it for granted, from our experience in the natural world, that the Almighty has designed all creatures to be happy. The pleasure that we

see derived from surrounding nature, by every creature that comes under our observation, clearly proves this position. From the smallest insect up to the lamb, we see them skip and play, with life and joy. From the lamb to the elephant, while life is young, we see the same thing; and even in mature age, it remains in a degree. The winged tribes derive the most exquisite pleasure in fluttering through the ambient air, as well as in the ardent love which warms their natures on every returning spring, and urges them on to the propagation and joyful task of rearing their young. Man, too, is rendered highly susceptible of the enjoyment of all those pleasurable sensations derived from his own nature, as well as from the surrounding Deity. Observe the infant in the nurse's arms; with what delight it views every new object that is presented. And in the progress of childhood, what exquisite pleasure we derive from almost every object that comes within our vision. We are delighted with the fields, the woods, the water, the clouds on the rising or setting sun, the flower that blows on the lawn, or the majestic tree that stands by the gate. As we grow up to manhood, whether we are in the crowded city or howling wilderness, in the cultivated province or solitary isle, whether we view the rippling of the rivulet or the uproar of the ocean, pleasure is our constant companion, joy and happiness fill our souls. When we view the human face divine matured to manhood and womanhood, all know the emotions and affections that are called forth and expand in the human soul. The sexes, too, are commanded to be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth; and with this command was wisely given one of the most exquisite sources of pleasurable enjoyment that can

interest human beings. Without it, how dreary must life have been up to a certain intellectual maturity? The decay of this source of pleasure is again succeeded by those exquisite mental joys that we derive from the consolations of hope-inspiring religion, our natures being wisely adapted to both; and when the physical man becomes incapable of enjoying the one, the mental and spiritual man becomes much more capable of enjoying the other. Then, my hearers, here are the indications of a wise and good Providence, showing clearly that it is our duty to do all in our power, at all times, to promote and increase, under certain restraints, all the pleasures which the Almighty designed we should enjoy. The rule I lay down, then, on this subject, is this: that we may lawfully take pleasure, as well as *become the means of pleasure to others*, whenever that pleasure does not result in pain to any creature. This appears to be the will of God, derived both from philosophy and revelation. It is our duty, then, to give pleasure and take pleasure, physical or mental, avoiding excess in all things, whenever it can be accomplished under this rule." This was the peroration of the saint.

Here is the philosophy. My oldest brother, it appeared, was the saint's son; he and my mother took their pleasure and amusements, and whether my father supported another man's child, or his own, who would have been in its place, the difference was nothing, so long as my father was ignorant of the fact! This was to console my mother.

As I grew up to manhood, I began to feel a dislike for mother, and to pity my father, who was a most industrious, tender-hearted man. I was led not only to suspect the sanctity of almost every clergyman, but to distrust the virtue of every



woman. It was an awful shock to my feelings, and has had great influence on my future life. So I took the saint at his word, and made his rule for pleasure, under the cloak of a smooth exterior, my governing principle with the softer sex through life. And this will no doubt have an influence on my daughter, her children, and perhaps grandchildren. What a lesson it teaches clergymen to conduct themselves as becometh the Gospel which I had rejected through the base conduct of Saint Bullneck.

From this time, continued my grandfather Jones, I began to feel discontented. There were four children, and but two hundred acres of land to be divided between them; so I took a notion that I should endeavor to get an education which would enable me to procure a living without manual labor.

From Ichabod Crane, our village teacher, I learned all he was able to teach, viz.: reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little English grammar. A rambling Irishman, soon after this, came into the village, and was soon found by the saint to be a man of very superior mathematical attainments. This person, whose name was Patrick Rattler, took the place of Ichabod Crane, and proved of great advantage to his pupils; and although he was a most complete mathematician, yet he was wholly unacquainted with the rules of English grammar. This, to Saint Bullneck, appeared quite enigmatical. With this teacher I read Simson's Euclid, or the Elements of Geometry, became expert in algebra, went through Mensuration of Superfices and Solids, studied Gibson's Surveying, and Hamilton Moore's Navigation, and acquired a knowledge of dialling, with plain trigonometry. Having no compasses, or scales, with which to

construct our figures, we made them of wood, with small pieces of wire for points on one of which we stuck the pen, to draw circular figures. Thus I went along, making sure of the knowledge, while I was deficient in good instruments. "By diligence and patience the mouse ate the cable." All this time I had to work on the farm by day, and study at night, and this course I continued without relaxation, until I was seventeen years of age, when my acquirements had elevated my mind above my agricultural life, which, to my brother and schoolfellows, gave me the appearance of proud reserve. I had no pleasure at last in any company but my books and studies, and looked on Saint Bullneck and his church with a kind of contempt.

My father, who had exerted himself beyond his strength in cutting down and hauling home our winter's wood, was thrown into a fever. After one or two days' confinement, Doctor Squash, who had just come to the place, was called in. He entered father's room with much consequential professional dignity, took a seat by the bed, and telling him to extend his hand, applied his fore finger to the wrist to feel the state of the pulse. When the doctor began to count, one, two, three, &c, "Ah!" said he, "rapid pulse; one hundred a minute; great excitement of *both ventricles*. Put out your tongue, sir," said the doctor. "Dark brown; much furred; bad breath; high fever. Very bad! very bad! *Ipecac*."

"What do you think of him, doctor?" asked mother.

"Bad fever, madam; very bad! Must hope, however. Not typhus gravior; not typhus icturides. Lucky! Very bad, though; a bilious typhus! Violent headache; pain in the back of the neck, between the shoulders. Very serious!"

"But dear Doctor Squash," said my mother, getting a little impatient, "what will you do for him?"

"Purge him; then physic him; then puke him; then bleed him; then sweat him; then inject him; yes, madam, '*injectio per anus*.'"

"Why, doctor," says mother, "all this will kill him, as he is now so very weak."

"Weak, eh?" No, no: he is as strong as a lion," said the doctor. "The virus of the fever is boiling the gastric menstruum of that viscus, the stomach, which acts on the brain, so that the corpus collosum sends the pain to the dura and piamatur, and then to the os frontis."

"Well, doctor, you know; I don't: but do something for him, or he can't live."

Now the doctor, who paused a little, drew from his pocket an old leather case, from which he took a kind of lancet without a handle, and commenced whetting it on his shoe.

"Good Lord!" said mother, "are you going to kill my husband, doctor?"

"Can't be in better hands, madam," said Doctor Squash.

After tying up father's arm with mother's garter, and giving him the broomstick to hold in his hand, he prepared with great formality to let blood. He tried to raise the vein, but he could not make it out. "Bend your arm a little," said he; "there, that will do;" and feeling the tendon of the muscle which raises the forearm, he made a drive. The point slipped off, and wounded the arm, but no vein hit. He tried again, with equal success. Another wound, but no vein hit. "Stagnated! stagnated!" cried the doctor; "the blood is stagnated, and will not flow! Some ipecacuanha. Here take this." So my poor father got a dose large enough to puke an ox. He puked

so long and so much, that we thought he must die reaching.

"Oh! see that green stuff!" said mother.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "that is from the ductus hypaticus, just below the pylorus. All right."

"All right!" rejoined mother. "If you don't stop this puking, you will kill my husband, Doctor Squash."

The puking abated, however, but the doctor went on with his treatment, until it was feared that father would not recover, as he grew worse and worse every day.

This quack for the body was not deemed enough, but another quack for the soul was called, in the person of Saint Bullneck.

"How is my dear brother?" said the saint.

"Very low," said mother. "But Mr. Bullneck," continued she, "don't you think husband should make a will?"

"Oh! this is not necessary," said the parson. "John, you know, is the heir-at-law, and he will do what is right."

"Yes," said my father, who heard the conversation, "draw up a will. I shall divide my land and property equally among my children."

"Well, well," says Mr. Bullneck, "I shall draw up a will to that effect by night, when the doctor, the teacher, and myself, can witness it."

Well, night came, and the family were all assembled in father's room, with the doctor and teacher, when the Reverend Mr. Bullneck, entered. After hypocritically inquiring about father's condition, and expressing many wishes and hopes that he would still survive to comfort and bless his very excellent wife and family, he drew the will from his pocket, and handed it to the Irish teacher

to read. On having read it, he handed it back to the saint, who slipped it into his side-pocket, at the same time asking father if it was just what he wished. Father answered in the affirmative, whereupon he again took the paper from his pocket, saying to father, who was very weak, "You had better sign it, then, sir" which my father, on being held up, contrived to do. It was then formally witnessed by the doctor, teacher, and priest, and, at my father's request, returned into the saint's hands, who was sole executor.

But the keen eye of the teacher noticed, that when saint Bullneck drew the paper from his pocket the second time, another paper, similarly folded, had also shown itself a little, which the saint observing, turned round and rapidly restored it to his pocket. It was the manner of the priest which excited the teacher's suspicion that all was not as it should be. After this, father lingered on, some days, under the treatment of Doctor Squash, when he expired, and was, with great lamentations, interred in the village burying-ground. I wondered why brother John took father's death so much to heart, and involuntarily asked him one day, when weeping, why he was so troubled about father. John made me no answer, for he was quite innocent of his being. This circumstance caused me to conclude, in after life, that there is no innate feeling of consanguinity, but that our family affections grow out of our associations and believed relationship. On this occasion, too, Saint Bullneck preached another of his canting, Jesuitical sermons, to dry the tears of mother and family, and give her brighter hopes for the future.

Our house, as I before said, continued my grandfather Jones, was a small cottage, with a kitchen on one end, and a bedroom on the other. The

Irish teacher in one bed, and myself and brother John in the other, occupied this little chamber, the floor of which was but twelve inches from the ground. Our preceptor, the good-natured mathematician, was a Catholic in religion, though not a very rigid one. When he first came to our house to board, he was about thirty years of age, and thought he had a great bargain in receiving his board, &c., as a compensation for the nightly instruction given to John and myself in mathematical science. But Saint Bullneck and mother thought otherwise, for they considered his instruction in this department of knowledge as good as any college could impart. The saint, indeed, flattered the teacher very much, and endeavored to arouse brother John to closer application, when he found that I was getting ahead of him. But John's intellect was rather obtuse, and his relish for study decreased in proportion to my increased application and more successful acquirements. The parson now, perhaps, began to doubt whether John really was what mother and his ambition were disposed to make him, as his intellectual pride was touched. But he was too much like the old serpent to be mistaken by any one who entertained the least suspicion of facts as they stood.

In person, our preceptor, Patrick Rattler, was about the middle size. He was full of life, wit, repartee, rapid in his conversation, and as quick as a flash. He was generous and unsuspecting, and delighted in communicating knowledge. His eyes were blue and deeply seated, his face pale and cadaverous, his head a little bald across the crown, but his countenance was stamped with a great degree of good-natured benevolence. He had little regard for money; indeed, he was improvident in the extreme. His great failing was

his inordinate love of the bottle ; and when under the influence of rum, he thought himself not only the greatest scholar, but the greatest man in New-England. Indeed, I must confess, that while he unfolded to me the principles of science in his enthusiastic style, by night lectures and examinations, I believed that his equal could not be found in the world ; and had I been at all tinctured with superstition, I must have thought that Providence sent him for my special instruction. He had the most perfect ascendancy over me. The pleasure which I constantly derived from the unfolding of each new principle, was of the most exquisite and elevated kind. Instead of looking on the earth as composed merely of fields, woods, water, and sky, my delighted vision now formed geometrical figures wherever it turned. There were squares, parallelograms, right angles, oblique triangles, pentagons, circles, and ellipses, constantly before me. In traversing the wood, instead of looking for bees, and bird's nests, like other boys, I was mentally measuring heights and distances by logarithmic calculation, and frequently found myself engaged in the demonstration of some difficult proposition of Euclid. How is it, I used to say to myself, that the mass of mankind is shut out from this flood of scientific knowledge, this stream of intellectual light, in such gross darkness ? The uninitiated, or merely literary man, can have no idea how scientific knowledge expands and elevates the human soul : not in ostentatious personal pride, but in the solid conviction of its own superior attainments, and consequent power. "Notitia est potestas : " "knowledge is power."

One night, as we lay in bed, under our preceptor's drill, I took the liberty to ask him where he got so much learning. His answer was, "I

taught myself; no one was ever able to *tache* me."

"But why do you say *tache*, master?" said I.

"On the same principle that you say *winder* for window, *keowe* for cow. Bah! boy, you do not only knock *eyes* out of the king's English, here in New-England, but you *murther* it out-right."

This raised my dander, *I* guess, for I felt it creeping up my back, as I have seen it rise on our dog Snarl. So I plucked up courage, and at him "*I goed*"

"Why, sir, you ought to say murder, and not *murther*."

"Oh! boy, is that the way you would have it? You say for curiosity, *curoosity*: this is but 'salt and battery; but you *murther* when you say *na-ter* for *nachure*, *virtu* for *virchue*."

"Why, 'I swan,' master, you said, yesterday, yourself, in speaking of the pond, that the *wather* was very *clare*, instead of saying that the water was very clear."

"What do you *mane*, David, by 'I swan?'"

"Don't know, master; but you now say *mane* for mean; and you say *pays* for peas, and *banes* for beans."

"Well, David, this is pronouncing according to Sheridan, and grows out of the sounds which he gave the first and fifth letters of the alphabet; and I tell you that up to Pope's time these two vowels were called as I call them now. You will find them so in the writings of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope. What do you *mane*, David, when you say, '*maple log roll over me*?'" And instead of saying chair, you say *cheer*; instead of saying I told him, you say I *telled* him; instead of saying I fought him, you say I *fit* him; instead of saying



I climbed up the tree, you say I *clim* up the tree. I think the best plan would be, David, that you take a little of my way of pronouncing, and I shall take a little from the saint, *your father*, and we shall all soon get right."

The words, "*saint, my father*," went through me like a shock of electricity. Thinks I, he has seen some freedoms in the house; I am undone! I now cursed mother and the saint from the bottom of my heart. What infamy! said I to myself. What disgrace! Have it thrown in my face, too!

"You call the saint my father, then, Mr. Rattler, do you?" said I, rising up in bed, under great excitement, amounting to rage. "Perhaps he is more like John's father than mine."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Rattler; "we call all our priests in Ireland fathers. They are spiritual fathers; are they not?"

This explanation completely allayed my fears, and acted as a perfect sudorific; so I went off for the night in the arms of Morpheus.

## CHAPTER VI.

The virtuous man, both night and day,  
His flag he keeps unfurled,  
And all his actions doth display,  
Examples for the world.

The child of want he ne'er denies  
The blessings he can give.  
He lives to God, and, when he dies,  
He only dies to live."

DAVID.

I WAS not yet quite eighteen years of age, although I had a manly appearance, being five feet ten inches high, and exceedingly well made. I had met no person able to beat me in a leap. I could leap thirty-six feet at three standing jumps, with a stone of four pounds weight in each hand, and eleven feet six inches in a single jump. I have often cleared a pole at a single high leap, under which I could walk erect. I felt my soul to be a daring one, yet kept its qualities concealed under a smooth, condescending exterior. I had made up my mind to be a libertine, and revenge myself on other men for the wrongs my father had suffered by the holy Saint Bullneck.

Although my affections had abated for my mother, I perceived that hers retained all the holy fervor that mothers mostly show for their offspring; and I also perceived that I had a much greater hold on her affections than my brother John. This, no doubt, grew out of the *thorn* that was connected with his being; for, let woman assume whatever phases she may, when

she has erred in conduct, her conscience will complain.

"Farewell, mother," said I, as I came to the door of the cottage in which I was born, with a small bundle in my hand, and my heart ready to burst with grief. "I am about to leave you, mother, to try my fortune, perhaps never to return. Farewell, sisters," said I, as the two dear girls approached the door. Until this moment, they had not been apprised of my intention to cast myself on the wide world.

"David, my child," cried mother, "what do you mean?"

"I am unhappy here, mother! I am off, to seek my fortune elsewhere."

"Oh! my son, my son! David! my child!" throwing her arms around my neck in a flood of tears, "can you leave your mother and sisters, and cast yourself on the wide world? Oh! no! no! my son, you cannot be so cruel! You would not deprive us of life. Just now you became all our hope. We looked on you as the ornament and soul of our little circle, and now you cruelly break it up. Look at that lake, David! Look at the shades that surround it, where your young heart has so often bounded with joy! See that summer-house and flower-garden, which you and your sisters have made and so joyfully attended! View the fields you have so often cultivated, and from which you have gathered the sweet hay and rich grain! See your boat and oars on the lake, my dear child! your mocking-bird; your robin; your pet rabbits; your sisters; and your mother, who loves you as her own life! Will not these detain you? Oh! David, my son, my child, you must not go! You must stay with your dear mother and sisters! You cannot go! You shall not go!"

Here I was, my mother hanging around my neck, and my two sisters, Grace and Jane, on each arm! all weeping, as those who have no hope! Oh! how this scene touched my heart! David wept! Nothing on earth has ever appeared to me so lovely, and yet so heartrending, as mother and sisters in this scene of anguish. Oh! how beautiful is woman in tears! I lost all resentment against mother for the time: my soul was at peace with all the world; even with Saint Bullneck, himself; and had almost concluded to settle down on the edge of our beautiful little lake, and spend my days in the cultivation of the soil, and the refinements of knowledge. But the arrow was in my heart. I remained about nine months, working, studying, and sporting, and then took my departure, without saying farewell, from the only spot on earth that I have ever truly loved.

Now, continues my grandfather Jones, I was afloat at last, and had not traversed a great way until I got employment in a school, the location of which I forbear to name. The inordinate love for mathematical science with which I was inspired by my excellent Irish teacher, had caused me to overlook those elementary branches of education, so essential to a common school. I could spell, read, and write well, but my knowledge of English grammar was extremely superficial; and as to geography in those days, it was never thought of by teacher or parents. This fact I candidly confessed to the Reverend Mr. Goodman, a truly pious, exemplary person, and excellent English as well as classical scholar. The excellent qualities, both as a man and Christian, of this reverend divine, presented themselves in such unostentatious bold relief to the canting, hypocritical tone and manner of Saint Bullneck,

that my unfavorable opinion of the clergy began to give way; and were it not for the arrow which the latter had fixed in my heart by his base conduct I would at that time have been a sincere convert to the cause of pure religion, which I verily believed to exist, notwithstanding the hypocritical, bad behavior of many of its professors.

Here, then, is a lesson for professors of religion, as one bad professing Christian will do more harm to the cause of pure piety than ten infidels. The eyes of the world are constantly on the clergy and professors of religion. They are constantly watched, and the smallest deviation in their practice from the principles they profess is marked; and, instead of setting this down against the individual transgressor, it is set down against religion itself! The mass of mankind are something like the canine race in their hasty conclusions; for if a blacksmith shakes his apron at a dog, this animal will not only on future occasions attack that blacksmith, but also any other man he sees with an apron. This amiable gentleman proposed to instruct me in English grammar, with a view not only of doing me a service, but of rendering me of more benefit to the children of his congregation; and offered, moreover, to extend his instruction to the Latin and Greek classics. This most auspicious opening for the finishing of my education filled me with delight; and, with a view to greater success, he proposed that I would take up my residence in his family. Oh! Fortune, said I, thou fair queen, how I see thee smile! I was now fixed completely to my mind. The study of English and Latin grammar was instantly commenced, and most unremittingly prosecuted, so as to occupy all my spare time, which was much, for my school took but six hours each day, five

days in the week. In copying my reverend friend, Mr. Goodman, whose manners were highly polished, I assumed to my handsome person all his grace, ease, and amiable manners, so that I grew in favor with my friend and his interesting family every day.

The Reverend Mr. Goodman was a native of the city of New-York, and a minister of the English Church. He was a graduate of King's College in that city, now called Columbia College. He had married in his twenty-first year a lady of that city, the daughter of a rich merchant, who preferred retirement with him, in a rural village, to the enjoyment of worldly pleasures in the capital of New-York. This amiable and accomplished lady was everything that the heart of an honest man could wish for in a woman. She believed all her friends to be as good, as pure, as chaste, even in thought, as her own pure mind. She loved me as a mother, and her three daughters loved me as sisters. I became so familiar in this amiable and excellent family, that I forgot, for a time, that I ever had any other home. The once beautiful lake, with all its attractions, together with mother and sisters, were thrown in the background. I designedly concealed from my reverend friend my mathematical acquirements, and remained very thankful for the classical and other instruction received from him, for which he would consent to take no compensation. In this agreeable manner I spent nearly three years, as teacher of the town school, became a member of Mr. Goodman's church, partook the sacrament, and joined in family worship daily.

Mr. Goodman's family consisted of eight persons besides myself, and a colored girl named Diana: so that when called to family prayer, the

group consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, and their three lovely daughters, namely, Henrietta aged eighteen, Maria aged sixteen, and Julia aged fifteen; with two little boys, Luke and James, both with curly white heads; all of whom were the picture of neatness. Diana the black girl, and myself, completed the group, with Rover, our Newfoundland dog, that looked gravely on. During these holy meetings I was rendered a little uneasy, from the circumstance that nearly every person in the parlor, as I thought, kept constantly gazing at me, but more than any other, the black wench, who was rather a good-looking, tidy girl, for one of her color. "A guilty conscience needs no accuser." I thought my sincerity as a member of the church was doubted, yet I could not see what cause I had given for such suspicion. This, however, was not the case.

I spent a portion of every fine morning, every spring, before breakfast, with these interesting young ladies, in transplanting and cultivating the beds and clumps of flowers in front of the house. I was extremely handy with the spade, and my companions were equally handy with their trowels and hoes. All around the board fence of this little garden, containing one quarter of an acre, were planted, with Mr. Goodman's own hands, a thick hedge of sweet-brier mixed with rosebushes, with here and there a honeysuckle running up a railing five or six feet higher. Various colored morning-glories, entwined on single arches which extended over the main walk, and sweet peas, climbing on single poles on the edge of the sidewalks, also adorned this little parterre. The odor of this lovely spot, with the presence of these three innocent creatures, as charming and beautiful as the flowers they attended, many

a time reminded me of the ancient paradise of man. And were it not for the thorn that old Bullneck had fixed in my heart, my better nature must have given way to love: that is, to fix on some one object in the shape of a human angel; for, as far as a friend could love, I loved these beautiful girls, with their mother and father, all alike. But then, oh! frail woman! looking back on my mother! My heart sunk within me, with the fixed determination never to put my faith in woman. Nor was all my reason able to extract the poison of this fatal shaft.

I had by this time become master of English grammar, and had made much progress in the Latin and Greek classics, so that Cicero and Tacitus, Homer and Demosthenes, became as familiar as household gods. My person, also, had expanded with my mind, so that a superior and dignified bearing had now superseded my former modest and unassuming deportment. The kind Mr. and Mrs. Goodman looked on me as on their own children. With what delight I have seen them view, from the windows, myself and the young ladies, when employed in the cultivation of the flower-garden; for we had the appearance of being, and were, really happy in our rural employment.

On one of these mornings I was in the garden, some time before my lovely companions, standing with one hand on an archway, and resting on the spade with the other, musing on the past, and hoping for the future, when a female hand pressed on my shoulders from behind, with the words, softly and lowly spoken,

“A penny for your thoughts, David!”

On turning quickly around, it brought Henrietta's arms around my neck in front, by the merest



accident, as she followed the position of her person where she first stood. This turning brought my back against the arch, and to save her from falling my arms encircled her waist, when, at the same instant, her lips and mine came together, without the smallest premeditation on her part, I'm sure! I raised her. But that blush! Oh! that virgin blush! Oh! that amiable diffidence and shame! Again she looked: again she blushed! Not a word passed between us. Still holding my hands on her waist, and hers against my shoulders, we gazed at each other in silence. At this critical moment Maria entered the garden, and stood looking at us with apparent astonishment. But the charm was not yet broken, nor until Henrietta was aroused by her sister asking her what was the matter. We made no reply, for we were both in love. Before this moment, we had but the feelings of friendship. It had now changed to the fiercest desire, the most ardent love.

Although Mr. Goodman partook of whatever was set before him to eat, yet he felt the greatest reluctance to have any domestic animal that he had known slain for his use. His compassion for the suffering of all creatures was almost a disease. He would not touch a fowl when cooked, that he knew when alive; nor would he suffer anything to be slain in his presence or hearing. His arguments were, that all God's creatures possessed as much right to life and enjoyment as the *tyrant man*; and although liberty appears to be given, both in the Old and New Testaments, to slay certain animals for man's use, yet he preferred being on the side of mercy. He has often said, that the most perfect religion was the religion of mercy, and that until man should extend this mercy to

all creatures, a really perfect system of pure religion would not be in the world. He may, in this, have alluded to the millennium. Many has been the time I have seen him drop the bit of meat from his lips, saying that it went against his stomach to become the sepulchre of any portion of that poor animal. On one occasion, I observed, that these animals appeared to be given for our use.

"Granted," said he, "according to the opinion now entertained in the world, at least in Europe and America. Does man not appeal to 'the God of battles,' in international quarrels? And when a battle is won, although ten thousand human beings may have been slain, still every soldier and citizen appears to feel no compunction of conscience, at what a true philanthropist would call murder, in thus wantonly destroying God's creatures. It is power, then, that gives the right to slay and enslave; but this force makes the equitable right over the weak no better. The Almighty has extended his blessings to all, and man is bound not to abuse the superior privilege he enjoys in being, from his superior mental and physical endowments, superior to all the rest."

"But, sir," said I, "the elephant is endowed with much more physical strength than man, yet man commands him."

"True," said Mr. Goodman; "but give the elephant the hand of man, and the organ of speech, and you are not certain but he would command man."

"Why, sir, I thought that the great difference between man and the inferior animals, grew entirely out of man's superior mental faculties united to an immortal soul, which lives after the dissolution of the body, whereas the other animals

possess but instincts, which die with the animal being."

"Now, David, let us examine this question philosophically, and independent of Scripture. Take the elephant, our horse Cicero, our dog Rover, and our cat Tom, and by comparison with man we may get some light on the subject. Has not each of these animals the five senses in common with man?"

"Granted, sir. Each has the organ of sight exactly the same, yet, as in the cat, somewhat better perhaps. Each has the organ of hearing superior to that of man. The organ of smell in the horse, dog, and cat, is superior to that of man. In the organs of taste and touch, perhaps man excels; but in this we are not exactly sure."

"Does not each animal receive its food in a stomach where it is digested and converted into chyle for the support of the body? Are not the excretions and secretions of all nearly the same? Has not each of these animals a nervous, and muscular, and sanguiferous system? Does not each possess life and locomotion, and a will to direct those motions? Are not the animal and vital functions, therefore, of these creatures, exactly the same as those of man?"

"Well, sir, from your positions it would appear so, I confess; but their external structure is not the same, and they want the faculty of speech."

"Granted, David, so far as actual structure goes, but not altogether in speech. Can you understand a Choctaw Indian when he speaks?"

"No, sir."

"Then you see that he is instantly on a level with our dog Rover, because both have to let us know their wants by signs, until we learn each

other's language; so that our respective articulations are at present useless. Each species of animals, therefore, communicates to each other, through their respective organs, abundantly sufficient to supply their wants. Man does no more; because, from his external structure and superior mental qualities, his *desired* wants are more numerous, while his real animal wants are nearly the same. The dog, the horse, the elephant, and the cat, are to us exactly in the condition of the dumb man who cannot hear. Each can make us understand his wants by signs."

"But, sir," said I, "how inferior is the knowledge of these animals to that of man."

"Surely, David, it is inferior; yet it is, as far as it goes, exactly of the same kind, and derived through the same organs, the five senses. But there is not any more difference between the lowest grade of human beings, in point of knowledge and reason, and the elephant and horse, than there is between individual men in the same community."

"Oh! sir," said I, "but the elephant and horse are often taught."

"Surely, David; and what would man be, if he were not taught?"

"This was a poser, and I thought, at the moment, intended as a hit at my want of knowledge; but my benefactor had not the smallest intention of wounding my feelings. He was too good a man for that."

"When in France, David, an elephant put its proboscis into my vest pocket in search for grain, and then, on finding none, turned me around, and picked my coat pockets behind. Was there no thought or intellect in this, David? Was there no reflection, that as he did not find what he

wanted in one pocket, he should immediately search elsewhere? Another was insulted by a tailor in the morning as he passed his window, by the tailor sticking his needle in the end of his trunk, which he put to the window for food. But on returning in the afternoon, the elephant, before he came up to the same place, filled his trunk with dirty water from a puddle in the street, and as he passed, squirted it into the tailor's face! A man could do no more. The elephant satisfied his revenge, inflicting a punishment suited to the offence; for, if he were so disposed, he could have put his trunk around the tailor's neck, and choked him in a minute. If that elephant could talk to human beings, he would no doubt reform some of their legislation, as well as correct some of their morals."

"This," said I, "looks extremely like reason, for it is united not only with memory, but with a sense of justice."

"Why, David," continued Mr. Goodman, "these things called knowledge and mind are only in degree, just like little a, and great A. You have witnessed yourself the great intelligence of our horse Cicero. You have seen him unlock a door by turning a common key. He takes the garden gate from its hinges. He lifts the latch of the barn door. He pulls a side-bolt from the field gate to get out. He unties every knot by which he is made fast, unless the rope be put through a ring, and tied under his chin, where he can't reach it! His memory is also superior to mine. He distinguishes persons apart, like a dog. He will whinny in the darkest night if he only hears me speak in the field, but will not for any other person. When driven to where I stand, he will not pass until I get into the gig, even by whipping;

and, although I never whip, the moment I step n, he starts off. And these things he has never been taught. The intelligence of Rover, our Newfoundland dog, I need not name, Every one knows what a dog will do. Our Tom cat will not attempt to stick his claws in your bare thigh to get on your lap, but he will stick them in your pantaloons to get up. Does he not know the difference between your naked thigh and your clothes?"

"Certainly, sir, he does."

"Well, then, David, is not this reflection and reason, so far?"

"I must grant it, sir."

"Are not all these animals pleased with caresses and displeased with injuries?"

"Most certainly."

"Then these qualities are just the same as those of man. What gives man, then, an immortality that these animals may not have? So far as they extend, the physical and mental qualities are exactly alike. Why should we, then, not extend to them the godlike quality of mercy? As these animals live with us in this world, I see no philosophical reason why they may not live with us in another; and from this conviction, as well as from feelings of mercy, my conscience is against destroying their bodies for food, and making my stomach their grave. I will give you another case, David, of many that might be offered, among the still lower animals of creation. As Mrs. Goodman and myself were walking down the road, we noticed a little insect, called the dung-beetle, (*coprides*,) rolling a ball on the smooth path. 'Come,' said I, 'let us see what this creature is doing.' So I laid a stick, about one and a half inch thick and a foot long, directly in its path.

At this moment it was pushing the ball with its hind legs, and when it reached the stick, and not being able to get it over, it let the ball fall, and stopped to *think* for a moment. It then ran along the stick to the end, where it again stopped for a moment to *think*. It now ran for the ball, rolled it along the stick, passed the end, and got again on the path. No man on earth can convince me that this was not reason. Here was Locke's definition of reason perfectly illustrated: "The arriving at means for the accomplishment of ends."

"But, sir," said I, "even if I admit that you have proved these animals to possess reason, and that it only differs in degree from that of man, I don't see what we would do with them, if we did not kill them."

"Prevent them from propagating," said Mr. Goodman. "We could suit the number to our use. We don't kill horses or dogs for our food."

"What would you do with the wild animals, sir?"

"Man acts in self-defence against man; he can do no less against the (*fera natura*) wild animals. Let us, therefore, use them in their places with as much mercy as we extend to our own species. Man has arrogated to himself the right to slay and enslave, only because he possesses the power; and as this superior power has been granted by the Almighty, it should be blended with mercy. Besides this, it can be shown that man is not a carnivorous animal; that he was never designed to feed on the flesh and heart's blood of the least of these poor creatures, which in death

"Feel's a pain as great as when a giant dies."

Let tigers live on flesh and gore, but man, who is made in the image of his Maker, should be

godlike in his soul, in his benevolence, and, above all, in his mercy."

He inculcated on his family the principles of mercy, humanity, and honor, all of which he exemplified in his own life and person. He depended little on his congregation for support, as his paternal estate gave him not only the necessities of life, but afforded him some means of gratifying his charitable feelings. He visited alike the poor and the rich of his congregation, in sickness and health, and, in company with his most excellent lady, became the nurse of the depending poor.

An incident happened in my presence one day, that touched my heart not a little. Little James, his youngest boy, whom I left behind me near the school-house, came into the parlor without a shirt.

"What is the matter with you, my dear boy?" said Mrs. Goodman.

"Why, nothing, ma," said James.

"Where is your shirt, my child?" asked his mother.

"Why, ma," answered the child, "I met a little boy without a speck of a shirt on him. Putting his mouth to his mother's ear, he continued, 'He was naked behind, ma; so I pulled off my shirt, and told him to put it on, which he did very gladly. You know papa said, we must be kind to the poor, and I knew I had another shirt at home, ma!'"

This little tale was scarcely ended, when his father had him in his arms kissing him, like one that never loved before.

From this time forward, Henrietta and I could not enter into our usual free, friendly conversation. When I approached her, she looked shy. When I addressed her by name, she looked down. Still she hung on my arm as we went through the garden, and reclined on my bosom by moonlight in



our little summer-house. She sighed for me when absent, and ran to meet me on my approach. Her parents perceived the attachment. Yet the thorn that Bullneck had put in my heart had forbid me to put my faith in any woman, though she were an angel. Henrietta loved me, and my love for her as a sweetheart and friend was warm and impassioned, but did not amount to marriage.

Mrs. Goodman would sometimes say, when she saw us together, that she thought us a very suitable couple to pass our lives with each other; that we were very much alike in temper and disposition; that we both loved books and flowers, and such like hints; but I was not able, from that *thorn*, to make up my mind to marry, neither could I make up my mind to be an Abelard in so honorable and innocent a family. I had communicated to Henrietta, however, my qualifications in mathematical science, which I had designedly kept from her father. This gave the whole family both surprise and pleasure, and raised me very much in their estimation.

As things were going on thus quietly, one night, as I lay in bed in my usual manner, with my room door open, I felt something creeping under my bedclothes from the foot. It is one of our pretty fat cats, thinks I to myself; when instantly a female figure lay along side, as still as a mouse.

"Oh! Henrietta, my love," said I, "how could you venture to my chamber?" at the same time pressing her to my bosom for some moments, when I noticed a rather disagreeable smell, and on throwing the clothes from her face, for it was moonlight, I beheld Diana, the black wench!

"What brought you here, Diana?" said I, in a loud; authoritative voice.

"Hush! hush! Massa David, Miss Henrietta sent me here, to see what you would do. I am going massa. Hush!"

Whether she sent the wench or not, which I disbelieved, I did not wait to inquire as I was off the next morning at daylight.

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## CHAPTER VII.

"Your deeds of darkness will be ever seen  
By His keen eye, who holds the fate of man  
As on a point—to stand—or now to fall '  
Your secret, awful crimes his light reflects,  
As in a mirror shown, to mortal gaze!  
His vengeance is most sure: then, saints, beware  
When satan tempts the flesh, resort to prayer."

DAVID.

THE thorn placed in my heart by old Bullneck, would at any moment destroy all my plans, hopes, and love for woman. This single thought would often make me start like a man that was insane; and at last it became such a disease, that I have, thousands of times, cursed to the lowest regions that hypocritical villain Bullneck, with all the sacerdotal race; and this I have done, many a time, when at family prayer!

My good friend, the Reverend Mr. Goodman, who was as much like an angel as Bullneck was like a devil, had brought me from New-York a suit of fashionable clothes, made to measure taken by our village tailor. These I carried in a bundle, when I started, to visit, after a lapse of three years, the enchanting spot on which I was born. After the third day's travel, I arrived near the village, where I stopped and changed my dress, and hid my old clothes in the woods; then went

through the place, quite unknown to any one, although I knew every one I met. On arriving at the tavern of Boniface Joslyn, he met me at the door in his usual smiling way, when we both sat down on opposite sides of the stoop.

"Fine day, traveller," said Boniface.

"Quite fine, *I guess*," said I.

"May I be so bold as to ask where you have com'd from?"

"From down east, *I calculate*."

"You are goin' to buy a farm, I s'pose?"

"I think not, I guess."

"You follor a trade, then, I s'pose?"

"Oh! yes."

"What is it, if I may be so bold?"

"The bookworm business," said I.

"The bookworm business? Why, traveller, we haven't any sich trade in these here diggings."

"No, I suppose not; but as you are fond of new things, I calculate that it might be set up to advantage in this handsome village. Think I could get any 'prentices' here?"

"Calculate not, traveller. How much farther do you intend to go, traveller, if I may be so bold?"

"Guess I can't just now calculate," said I.

"Is there any news down east, traveller?"

"Oh! yes, great news!"

At this, Boniface opened his eyes, and leaned over toward me with his usual grin, saying,

"Well, well, do tell."

"The bridge at Bellows Falls has tumbled over into the Connecticut river."

"I swan! you don't say so?" replied Boniface.

"Sartin," said I; "it went off with a crash,

one night last week, just as a tin pedler and his wagon had—”

“Do tell!”

“Why, you see,” said I, “the pedler’s wagon had one horse in it, and the night being extremely dark when he arrived at the bridge, the pedler did not see its condition; but the horse did; and this horse, being an old traveller, took the middle plank, which brought the wheels of the wagon on two other planks, for the bridge had no floor, and in this manner, without the pedler’s knowing anything of his danger, he went over safe.”

During this sentence, Boniface had gradually raised his arms, and opened his mouth and eyes, just like a man expecting every instant to tumble into the gulf below; but when I concluded with “went over safe,” he fell back on the bench, with a long breath, exclaiming,

“Wasn’t that a darnation escape, I tell you? But what made the bridge fall?” said Boniface.

“Why, they had just put up the skeleton of the bridge, and had not time to stay it, when the freshet caused by the great shower of the same afternoon carried the whole away.”

This news told, there was some little pause, when Boniface observed,

“Beaint you somewhat hungry, traveller? Tea will be ready soon, I guess.”

It was now nearly five o’clock in the afternoon of a fine day in the month of July, at which hour the New England people usually took their first supper, which they called tea, the second being taken about dark.

At this moment a nice, smart woman presented herself at the door, announcing that tea was ready. This was the wife of Boniface, whom I well knew.

"Don't you see the stranger, wife?" said Boniface.

"Oh! how do, sir?" making a courtesy.

"Your most, obedient, madam," said I, rising and lifting my beaver; but as I arose and bowed, she fell back, with much diffidence, as though she was afraid. Boniface now walked in, and I followed, when we sat down to tea.

A white-oak table, scoured perfectly clean, stood in the middle of the small room, without a cloth, on which was placed three cups and saucers, with three pewter spoons, a black earthen teapot, three horn-handled knives and forks, with a brown platter in the centre, containing ham and eggs cut up into small pieces, two brown dishes, one containing custard, and the other apple pie, and a large potash sweet molasses-cake on a blue-edged white plate, on one corner, near the landlord, as this class of men is called in New-England. There was also a large loaf of rye bread near my old friend Boniface, who, with the landlady, sat at two corners of the table, while I sat at the other end. This table would have been a treat to a proud Yorker, merely to look at, but it gave me feelings of early home which brought tears from my eyes. Had it been in November, we would have had pumpkin pies, nutcakes, sausages, pickles, and apple sauce, in abundance. At Christmas, we would have had thousands of mince pies; and in spring, abundance of pancakes. But, as yet, I had never seen a loaf of wheat bread, for we raised no wheat in New-England.

Boniface seized the rye loaf, cut three large slices, and threw one to each. But the little table being crowded with such abundance, he put the loaf on his lap, from which place of deposite he frequently hauled it, offering more bread, and as

often returned it under the table for safe-keeping.

"Help yourself," said madam, "to anything you wish;" and after a little "Now do help yourself," "You don't eat nothin' Mr.,"

"I am doing very well, MARY," said I.

"Mary!" said Boniface Joslyn; "Mary! then you appear to know wife?" both looking at me with astonishment

"Well, I think as how I do, I guess," said I, with a drawl.

This brought a change of countenance on both, yet they made no reply, but appeared to think deeply.

"Well, help yourself, traveller," said the landlord.

"I am doing very well indeed, BONIFACE," said I, sticking my fork into a bit of ham on the centre dish.

"Boniface!" said he; "why, you appear to know me too, traveller. Well, now, I swan, I guess you are a queer chap. You must have got our names when you com'd up the street."

Just at this moment, a little girl, about five years old, pushed open a door that led to the kitchen, and said,

"Mammy, I want my supper."

"Be quiet, child, till the stranger is done," was the reply.

"Well, mammy, don't eat it all up.

"No, my dear, we will leave some for manners' sake."

We now had done, having finished all the ham and eggs, and madam having removed the pies, &c., from the table, when the little girl again presented herself, crying out, when she looked at the table,

"Why, mammy, you have eat all the manners up too!"

Boniface and myself had scarce taken our former seats at the door, when the extremely masculine figure of Saint Bullneck came stalking down the street, in his usual slow gait, with his hair flowing, as usual, all around his head. He bowed stiffly as he passed by. I looked after him for a moment, with all the scorn and indignation that the human soul ever felt.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said the landlord, having observed the change of my countenance.

"I suppose," said, I, "that I know him quite as well as any other man in New-England."

"You have heard him preach, then?" said Boniface.

"I am a physiognomist," said I, "and can read men by their looks. No man can know him. He is a nondescript."

"Oh!" said my companion, "that is our good clergyman of this village, one of the very best of men. But traveller, you talk very larned to what you did when you first sat down. I shouldn't wonder if you be a priest yourself? Perhaps a doctor? Is it so, traveller?"

"I told you before, landlord, that I was a book-worm by trade.

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" laughed Boniface; "I'll find you out, by and by, traveller."

"Well, landlord, let me know something about that clergyman of yours. He strikes me as a curious subject."

"Well, may I be so bold, traveller, what may be your name?"

"Mark Antony, at your service," said I.

"Well, Mr. Antony, our clergyman, who had

been married for many years, lost his wife about six months since ; and although I told you that he was a very good man, as in duty bound I ought, for the good name of the flock, yet, between you and I, it is whispered about that he was the means of his wife's death."

"How! what do you mean?"

"Why," continued he, "that man you just now saw pass, is one of the most despotic, long-faced hypocrites on this little world. Why, he not only starved his wife and daughter, but he used them with much violence, particularly his wife, the good, mild creature. That monster has been known to lock his poor wife up in a room for twenty-four hours, without food, because she told him not to go too often to Jones's Lake!"

"And what did he do at Jones's Lake?" said I, rising with emotion.

"Sit down, traveller—Mr. Antony I should say—and you shall hear. Well, then—Adam Jones, a most excellent and good Christian, who died about four years since, left his widow, Lucy, two sons, John and David, and two daughters, living at his nice cottage, on the edge of a beautiful little lake, just up the street, not half a mile from here."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, listen. This priest drew the will for the old man, and every body thought that his property would be, by that will, equally divided between his children."

"Well, and is it not?"

"Do hear," said the landlord. "About nine months after the old man's death, the youngest child, David, who the good Irish teacher always said was a great genius, left home in the night, and it is thought, from some cause, made



away with himself. He was then about eighteen years of age. The old lady loved this boy more than any of her children. For twelve months she remained in hopes that David would return; but one day she got into despair, took to bed, refused all food, and——”

At this, I could hold no longer, but demanded, with uplifted, clenched fists,

“Is she dead, then!”

“Yes,” said Boniface, “she died.”

“Oh! my mother! my mother!” I exclaimed, in a flood of tears. “Oh! my dear mother! why did I leave you? I have caused your death! I have committed murder! But, oh! that villain Bullneck has done all this!”

A thought struck me—a frenzy seized me—I dried my eyes, and cried within myself, “Vengeance! I shall slay the monster!” This violent resolution had already calmed me. I was now instantly recognised by *Mary* and *Boniface*, who embraced me as one who had arisen from the dead.

“I thought I knew you,” said Mary, “when you called me by name, but was not certain, you have grown so, and your dress has so changed your appearance.”

“Dear me, how glad I am,” said her husband, “to see that you are still living.”

“Well,” said I, “my friend, what about that will?”

“Why, David, sometime after you left, and before the death of your mother, Saint Bullneck made a charge before his congregation of bad medical practice against Doctor Squash, which we all believed was well founded, from what we ourselves knew of him. He therefore had to fly his kite. He cleared out, but nobody knows

where ; yet some think that he has gone to York State. Well, this was not all ; your old teacher, Patrick Rattler, whom you so much loved, was sent adrift, and the saint's nephew put into the school ! The teacher has gone to New-York city, it is said. So he is out of the way too, you know ; for these were the only two witnesses, besides the saint, to your father's will. Patrick told me, David, that after reading your father's will, he saw Saint Bullneck change it for a paper just like it, which was signed by your father and the witnesses."

"Oh ! the villain !" said I.

"Well, the will that is now brought to light, gives you and your sisters five pounds each, and leaves all the rest to your brother John, whom the priest has contrived to marry to his daughter !"

"And they are married ?"

"Yes ; they have been married just four months, and the saint resides with them at your cottage on the lake."

"Oh ! the wolf in sheep's clothing ! How can the monster defile the garments he wears ? But I know him, and——"

"Take care, David ; you look wild. Don't be rash."

"But where are my sisters, Boniface ?"

"Poor things ! they are living about twenty rods from this, in the blacksmith's old shop ! which they fitted up as well as they could, after the saint and his daughter drove them from their home. But in this your brother John had no hand, as he opposed it as much as he could ; but the old serpent has the entire control over the good-natured fellow. John, however, supplies the girls, from time to time, with whatever provisions he can get

to them without the knowledge of his wife and her father.

"Oh! Boniface," said I, "how can I see my sisters in this condition? It will break my heart! I shall go distracted! I shall do violence! I shall murder that——"

"Stop!" says Boniface; "stop, David; you begin to make me afraid. You are not the boy I took you to be; your look terrifies me!"

Mary was now weeping in one corner of the little room.

"You are kind and good-hearted, Mary," said I. Be calm, and do me a favor."

"Certainly I will," said Mary.

"Ay, and I too," said Boniface, "anything in my power."

"Well, then, you are not to know me. My name is MARK ANTONY, a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world."

"Agreed," said my two friends; "we are both 'possums."

"Now to see my sisters. Are they home?"

"I saw them pass the window, on their way home, not five minutes since. It was this that made me weep; they looked so innocent, and yet so sad."

"Well," said I, "Boniface, you and I shall go along, and, by way of accident, you can just drop in; then call and introduce me as Mr. Antony, the traveller."

"Here, Joslyn," said Mary, "take this basket of pies and sweetmeats to the dear girls; it will be an excuse for calling. There, now, I see their window thrown open. Do go! How can you wait, David?"

On we went, and in went Boniface with his basket, laying it on a little shelf, but said nothing

of its contents. I stood about a rod from the old shop. Its wretched covering, its miserable rough walls; within, the bare earthen floor, and my poor disconsolate sisters, as they sat one at each side, gave me no power to wait for an invitation to enter. My feelings, overpowered me. I rushed in, threw myself in a corner on a low bench, covering my face with my hands, in sobs and lamentations. My father dead, my mother dead, and my sisters cast out in misery on the world! Oh! how I wept! I thought my soul should burst the casket, and give me freedom in another life! My sisters, Grace and Jane, looked on for a moment, not knowing what to make of the spectacle before them, when Boniface said,

"Don't you know your brother David, girls?"

One "Oh!" passed Jane, when she fell, in a swoon. I rose to lift her; but Grace had now gone, also! both corpses to appearance!

"Get some water, Boniface," said I, which I sprinkled in their faces, when Grace opened her eyes, looked at me, and again went off in a swoon. But, as yet, there was no sign of returning animation in Jane. I raised her, shook her, threw more water on her, and rubbed her hands. Her breast began to heave, when she opened her eyes, with a scream such as comes only from the dying, and which none can comprehend that has never heard.

"Oh! my sisters," said I, "we are doomed to affliction;" and as I leaned over Jane, she grasped me around the neck, as though the convulsion were her last, then placing her cheek to mine, and retaining her spasmodic hug in perfect silence, excepting one "Oh!" Grace had now recovered so far as to sit up. She did not attempt to approach me, but from the vacant and wild stare, it was

clear that at this moment she was a maniac. I felt my soul nerved again.

"He shan't live till morning!" passed through my lips, in a low mutter.

"Who?" said Jane, kissing me on the cheek. "Who, brother?"

"Nothing, nothing, Jane, my dear sister," said I. "Sit up, until I see what ails Grace."

She kissed me again, as though she was ashamed, and sat up. I approached Grace, whom Boniface had been trying to sooth.

"Sister Grace," said I, holding out my hand, "I am glad to see you, after so long an absence."

She seized my hand in both of hers, pressed it to her lips, then looking up to heaven, sung, in a most plaintive voice,

"Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

"Oh! yes. Oh! yes. I have prayed to Him, night and morning, for a long time! I'll soon be there, John. Mother told me last night to come! and father said, 'Oh! yes, your room will be ready, Grace!'"

She again broke out into another strain of two lines:

"That blood the foul *stain* from her soul shall efface,  
While her name lives with virtue, and virtue with Grace."

"Yes," replied I, with my uplifted arm and clenched fist, "his blood shall efface the *stain*, sister. These lines are put into your mouth by the Avenger of blood."

My manner, at this moment, terrified both Jane and Boniface, who stood on each side, Grace still holding on to my other hand.

"Boniface, my dear fellow, can you spare a room in your house for these girls? I have plenty of money. I have nearly all my three years' earnings, the last of which I collected a week before I left the house of my benefactor, down the river."

"Certainly, David. Come, girls; come, this moment!" cried Boniface. Bring Grace, David, and I'll take Jane."

"Come, Grace, let us go," said I.

"Oh! yes," said she. "When will we be married, dear? You are my own truelove, John." We were now outside of the door, when she ran around, and faced me, saying, "Oh! yes, it is he! a very handsome lover. Stop, dear," said she. Look there!" pointing to the clouds. "We'll get married there! The Lamb was married there!"

"Blood!" said I; "nothing but blood shall avenge this! Oh! the monster! his villany is at the bottom of all. But——"

When we arrived at the tavern, I said,

"Boniface, my dear boy, have you got no doctor in the village now?"

"Oh! yes," said he, "a right good one."

"Let us have him, then."

Off he went, and in ten minutes returned with a very modest, pussy medical gentleman, aged about thirty, whom he introduced as Doctor De Boyce. On a few moments' conversation, I found this gentleman to be a fine classical scholar, who appeared quite *au fait* in his professional duties. On making inquiry of the cause of my sister's affliction, and the previous state of her health, he instantly bled her, then put her to bed, applied a blister to her neck, and ordered a cathartic. By this course, with emollient drinks, light diet and a quiet room, she was restored to herself in a few days.

This medical gentleman was the real "Simon Pure." Without cant or pretension he accomplished his object, as a man of sense and science. Yet I have seen medical men of the same demeanor, whom I knew to be the most ignorant and consummate quacks.

After Grace was put to sleep, and the doctor had retired, sister Jane and I took our seats in the entry, adjoining her chamber.

"Well, Jane, how did you all feel, when you found I had run away?"

"Why, David, we had a sad time of it. We wept for a whole month, for mother thought that you had destroyed yourself. But still she maintained a hope that you would some time return to us. We formed various conjectures and suppositions regarding your whereabouts, but nothing definite. Mother would say, that you had perhaps gone to New-York, or to Boston, and that she thought you would write some time, and let us know. Saint Bullneck appeared to be glad that you were not home. He assured mother that you had a fractious, discontented spirit, and that you would become dissipated and worthless. But mother would not, for a moment, believe it. So we went on, sometimes hoping, at other times despairing, until one day Grace and I got talking about your youthful adventures, when she said, 'Oh! Jane, don't you remember one time, a great while ago, when Saint Bullneck was at our house to see mother, and you and I sitting at the other side of the lake, how fiercely David ran away from the room window, across the garden?' 'Oh! yes,' said I; 'he looked for all the world like one that was mad.' 'Yes,' said Grace, 'he was very much frightened by something. Perhaps he saw a snake.' 'Did he come out of the house that day?' said mother. 'Oh!

yes, ma,' said I; 'first came out into the garden, then went back to the window, and then ran fiercely away to father in the fields.' At this statement, mother's hands and lips began to tremble, when she fainted away on the floor. We were terribly frightened, but we made out to get her to bed, where she lay without doing, anything but sigh and groan, refusing medicine and food, until she died."

Jane looked up, and saw my eyes pouring, as well as her own, a flood of tears.

"Oh! David, 'aint' we an unfortunate family?"

"Oh! the monster! Oh! the villain!" said I, rising as one that could fight a host, or slay a Goliath, and stamping my foot at the same moment on the floor, that it brought Boniface Joslyn up stairs, to know what was the matter.

"David," said he, "be calm."

"No," said I, "to-night he dies!——"

"Who?" asked Jane. "What do you mean, brother? Come here. Let me look at you," said Jane. "Oh! surely, my dear brother, nothing can ail you!——Who dies?"

"Nothing, my sister," placing my hand on my forehead, to relieve the throbbing of my temples. "Did Bullneck ever visit mother while she was sick?"

"Several times, brother; but when he entered her chamber, mother always tried to turn her face to the wall."

"Did she speak to him?"

"Never; not a word, nor a look; for she shut her eyes when she heard him coming, and never opened them until he quit. We were much surprised at this."

"How did he appear at this?"

"Very black indeed; and often went off muttering 'repentance!' 'anguish!' 'suffering!'"



"I forgive your frailty, my dear mother. You have died a martyr. You have expiated your crime. But the villain! Vengeance!"

"Who do you mean? I think you mean Bullneck," said Jane.

"I do."

"Oh! wait till I tell you, brother."

"Tell me what? More scoundrelism?"

"Hear," said Jane. "Some time after mother's death, the Rev. Mr. Bullneck's wife and daughter were sick, when, one afternoon, he came to our house, where he had been recently many times; at which times he made more free with Grace and myself than we wished. We thought it very strange. Well, I was saying that this afternoon he begged that John and myself would go and stay with his wife, as he had got to go out that evening. We consented. What do you think this base man did?"

"Did!" said I, fearing the worst. "Don't tell me, sister, or by the Eternal he dies within one hour!"

"Oh! brother, don't swear. I never heard you swear before. I won't tell you then, David."

"But I must know it now, Jane. It is too late to stop."

"Well, promise."

"It will make no difference whether I know it or not, as I am resolved."

"Oh! I don't know what to do, brother. I wish I had never said a word about this base man."

"I must know it, sister," cried I. "You must tell me. No, sister, there can be nothing worse than what has been."

"Well, this reverend gentleman went up to our house that night, entered my sister's room and bed, and——"

"Committed a rape!—Oh! the frenzy of my brain!—No more! No more!" said I. I shall tear out his heart and liver, and then bury his doubly-damned carcase in our bottomless lake!" and down stairs I rushed, when Boniface, suspecting my object, met me at the bar-room door, and taking me by the coat, cried,

"David! listen to reason."

"Well," said I.

"Don't sacrifice your life to be revenged on that villain!"

"You don't know the cause, Boniface!"

"I do. I heard the story. But I tell you that there is much more than this against that serpent. Go up stairs, and I shall present a man to you, in half an hour, that will answer your purpose, as he is also a victim."

"Well," said I, as I turned to go up, "let me see"—when I came against Jane at the foot of the stairs, who had followed me down in great alarm. "Come, dear sister, return to the room, and let me hear the rest of the story."

Well, we were again seated, when Jane went on:

"Next morning, on arriving home, instead of having breakfast ready, Grace was yet in bed, where I found her weeping. 'Are you sick, Grace?' said I. 'Oh! no! no!' 'Why, then, what's the matter?' 'Can't tell you now: wait till after breakfast.' John and I took breakfast, and he went to his work, thinking Grace only a little indisposed. After breakfast, Grace stated the fact I have just told you."

"Why did she not go to a magistrate, and swear against him?"

"Because she saw that his place and hypocrisy would be too much for her; and what was more,

she wished to cover her own shame ; and I, also, advised her not to make any row about it."

"Did he ever attempt her again?"

"Yes ; but if he had persisted, he was a dead man."

"How?"

"Don't you remember the long, thin butcher's knife, that was used for killing pigs at Christmas?"

"Yes."

"Well, she made a sheath for this knife in her frock, on the right side, where she constantly wore it for her protection. One day he found her alone, when he made a second attempt ; but she drew the frightful blade with such a determined look, that he made tracks, I tell you, David. If you go to her bed now, you will find it in her frock."

"Good!" said I. "Go get it, Jane."

"Jane stepped in, took it from Grace's side, and presented it to me. I looked at this bit of steel with more pleasure than I have ever enjoyed on any other occasion. Nine inches long, one inch broad, springs like a sword.

"Brutus, direct it!" said I, making a plunge.

"Oh! heavens!" cried Jane. "Oh! brother, you terrify me to death! Don't do anything wrong, I pray you."

"Well, Jane, have you anything more to say about the serpent?"

"Yes, brother ; the monster attempted my virtue, when he found himself repelled by Grace."

"Oh! the graceless villain!"

"He undertook to wheedle me, and coax me, and brought me a nice frock, and a gold ring of his wife's ; and this, too, since John's marriage ; but the next time he came to the house, Grace and I followed him down the path, and threw them after him. He picked them up, and carried

them off. Well, next day he came again, when John, his wife, Grace, and myself, were at dinner. He read father's will, as he said, took ten pounds from his pocket, divided it equally between us both, saying, as father's executor he had done his duty, and then directed us to quit his daughter's house instantly."

"Oh! the vampire!"

"John held down his head in silence. Grace and I were also silent, as we saw we were in the lion's claws; and although we well knew that this was not father's will, we said nothing, took the money, picked up our clothes, and departed. Oh! David, what an hour of anguish succeeded! Driven in this manner from our father's house, and by such a man! We went to the edge of the lake, and sat down on the grass like vagrants, or gipsies, and wept, looking at the house and garden, then at our lovely lake, for one full hour. We then came down to the village, and passing by the tailor's door, his wife called us in."

"You mean Redlegs?"

"Yes. We told our condition, when he got a man to fix up the old blacksmith's shop, where you found us to-day."

"Well, sister, you are not to know me. My name is Mark Antony."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Now dreadful desperation roused my soul  
To awful vengeance on the monster saint!  
I seized him like a tiger, or a snake  
That wound him to his death, and from his hide  
Cut all that made this savage man, a man!"

DAVID.

At this moment, I was called to the bar-room, where I found Redlegs and Boniface, with their heads close together, in deep cogitation.

"Mr. Anthony, Mr. Redlegs—Mr. Redlegs, Mr. Anthony," said the landlord, as I entered.

"Well," said Redlegs, filled to the throat with venom, "I think his time is short now. He shan't carry on his scoundrelism much longer. So he has played off pranks on your connections before he came to this neighborhood? A long time ago; but then he is the same 'critter' still." (Boniface had put this in his ear.) "Why, Mr. traveller, I found him, on one occasion, struggling with my wife against the wall of my shop, one day as I com'd home. She said she couldn't help it, he held her so fast, for Bullneck is a strong brute."

"Well, was it so?" said I.

"Yes, I believed her, or I should have cut her ears off that night with this shears," hauling out a huge pair of tailor's shears, and giving them a snap with his muscular fist.

"But what did you say to him?"

"I tell'd him he wasn't like a priest, but like a devil, and that I would complain to the church

of his conduct. What do you think the serpent did?"

"Ran away, I suppose."

"Ran away!" said Redlegs. "Why, he put his fist into his breeches pocket, hauled out a five-pound note, and shut my fist on it, saying, 'Redlegs, I shall get you twice as much custom as you ever had, and I shall give you five pounds more in a day or two! Off he went. I looked at the note, then at my wife, who stood with her finger in her mouth, looking on—shook my head—said nothing—jumped on my table, and fell to work. But I tell you, Mr. traveller, I cursed and damned not very slow about this affair; and although the old serpent has sent me a great deal of good custom, and has given me ten pounds more since, this standing against the wall business sticks most darnationly in my throat."

Just as he said the word "throat," Tom Alldrink the shoemaker popped in.

"Here I be," said Tom, jist like a turnup with the stalk up. You had jist put it in your throat," said Tom, looking at Redlegs. "A glass for me, too, Boniface. Hurra for nuts!" taking a country pigeon-wing with his toes.

"Mr. Alldrink, Mr. Antony—Mr. Antony, Mr. Alldrink."

We shook *claws*, and took a small horn all round, for which I paid.

"Why, Tom," said Redlegs, "they say that serpent, Bullneck, prays at your house very often."

"Why, yes, he comes there now and then to see us."

"But I think," said Redlegs, "I seed him there often when you was not home."

"Sartin; the clergy can visit our women folks at all times, as their business is to 'culcate 'em in

virtu' and piety; and besides this, he is very kind. He gives my good woman a great many sixpences what saves me from work; and Boniface here is not slow in catching some of 'em. I left him sittin' wid my good woman jist this minit."

"You call your wife, a handsome woman, don't you?" said, Redlegs.

"Why, I guess you think so. So I do,"

"And so does Serpent Bullneck," said Redlegs.

Alldrink pulled from his pocket a plug of tobacco, and with a penknife cut off a chew which he clapped into his mouth. "The Irish teacher's penknife," said I to myself, as I asked to see it.

"Alldrink," said I, with some little emotion, "where did you get this knife?"

"Well, Mr. traveller, that knife come from a very curious place."

"Where did you get it?" said I, anxiously.

"Well," said Alldrink, addressing the landlord and Redlegs, "don't you remember our hunting party, about twenty in number, that went last Christmas to the Wolf Ravine."

"Sartin."

"Well, you were both there. Didn't you see the man's bones, in the wolf's den, at the bottom?"

"Sartin; two of 'em."

"Well, didn't you see the old, tattered, rotten clothes that lay about?"

"Sartin."

"Well, in the pocket of an old vest, I found this here knife."

"Good heavens!" said I.

"Well, what of that?" said Alldrink?"

"Oh! yes," said Redlegs, "now I remember; I, too, found, in another wolf-den, at the bottom

of the ravine, that day, the blade of a small knife, with an eye in the end. It lay near the bones of another man that had been picked by the wolves."

"Have you got it, Redlegs?" said I.

"No, it is at home."

"Run and get it, my good fellow."

Off he started, and returning in a few minutes, presented me with the identical lancet, a seton blade, with which Doctor Squash attempted to bleed my father! "Gods! justice!" said I, to myself "here is my old Irish teacher's knife, and Doctor Squash's lancet! The thing is too true! Bullneck, to get rid of these two witnesses to father's will, has inveigled each to this fatal ravine, and shoved them off! Oh! the monster! How can we let him live one hour?"

The ravine, here spoken of, lay about one mile from the village. It was about six hundred feet deep, the same distance across, and three miles long. It was perfectly inaccessible to man on three sides, being open only from the north. Its sides were nearly perpendicular, composed of huge rocks. Sometimes it contained water at the bottom, at other times not, from the porous nature of the ground. It was the kennel, or den, of all the wolves and bears for forty miles to the north. At the bottom, in the sides, were a great number of caverns and holes, where these animals retired in safety with their prey. About one hundred feet higher up, were other dens, occupied by bears. No human being could venture alone into this den, without having his bones picked in five minutes. On the side next the village, was a large smooth rock, of two hundred feet in extent, which projected twenty or thirty feet over this awful chasm. Anything thrown from this rock, would



fall directly on the bottom, and if it were a dead dog, or cat, fifty wolves would be seen fighting for it, almost as soon as it reached the ground. The boys and men of the neighborhood took these opportunities of shooting the wolves at the bottom, which would be eaten up by their companions. Bears have also often been shot from this rock, at the other side of the ravine. It was from this rock, then, that the teacher and doctor met their fate, by the hands of the holy Bullneck!

They knew Alldrink. A glass of rum would at any time secure him to the most desperate adventure.

"Well, Tom," said Redlegs, "that very serpent is now in bed with your wife."

"Well, what of that?" said Tom, "he pays well for his snacks; there is plenty left for me."

"Then you know it?" continued Redlegs.

"Sartin," said Tom. "Tis all right. Don't care a damn."

"He won't do," said I, to Boniface.

"Oh! yes," answered he; "I know him. He don't mean what he says. He is very sore on that subject."

Boniface took Tom aside, when Tom said, "Yes, to the hilt; I have long wished to do it." Boniface winked—"All right."

"Let us go," said I, "one by one."

"I'm off," said Redlegs.

We remained conversing in the bar-room for a few moments longer, when Redlegs returned in haste, saying, that as he walked slowly up by the door of the blacksmith's shop, which the girls had just left, he met the serpent, Bullneck, coming out, with a shingling axe in his hand.

"Are you sure it was an axe?" said I.

"Sartin sure, for it shined."

"I am betrayed, Boniface," said I, taking him aside. "The serpent knows that I am here, and both my sisters would now have been murdered, had they not been providentially removed from their abode."

"You are not betrayed," replied Boniface, sharply. "He must have known you to-day, as he passed by."

"That's it. He wanted to hide the rape, for which he knew he would now suffer. Which way did he go, Redlegs?"

"Into Alldrink's, just above. Here's the rope," said Redlegs, picking up a coil of clothes-line. "Let us off, through the woods; we shall meet him on the car-track, between the street and the house."

"Make your noose good," said I.

"Where shall we hide him?" said Alldrink.

"In the Wolf Ravine," said Redlegs.

"Too far to carry him," said Boniface.

"That should be his fate," said I, "but it can't be done to-night. We could never get there."

"What then?" said Redlegs.

"The bottomless part of Jones's Lake," said Alldrink.

"Good!" said I.

"Turn your coats," said Redlegs.

This was done, and off we started. The landlord remained behind. We had scarce taken our position, when Bullneck was discovered coming up the path, by a rather dim moonlight. It was now eleven o'clock.

"Silence!" said Redlegs, who held the noose, while Alldrink and myself held the line, the end of which was thrown over a low limb, so that it pulled in but little out of a right line. On the instant he came up, Redlegs slipped from behind

a tree, and fixed the noose over his arms. Haul went the rope, which brought him against the tree, where he was quickly lapped with the loose end of the line, as tight as if embraced by the anaconda snake.

"Strangle him with the rope around the tree," said Alldrink.

"Murder!" bawled the saint.

"See that blade!" said I, thrusting it to his face; "I took it from Grace Jones's frock. If you say a word, I shall plunge it into your vile heart!"

"Oh! David, are you going to murder!" replied the saint.

"David!" said Tom Alldrink; "David!" said Redlegs, both running to look close in my face, but not being able to recognise me; "what David?"

"David Jones," said the saint.

"Good lasts attend me, David! is it you?"

"Hush! Tom, we have business on hand. Now, monster, before we cut your throat, you must hear your last sermon."

"Here's his hatchet," said Redlegs.

"You have lived too long, vile wretch! You shall do no more mischief, you hypocritical, canting villain! You have disgraced the holy profession which you assumed. You debauched Redlegs' wife!"

"Yes," said Redlegs; "I shall stave in his brains!"

"Hold! Redlegs. Even this very night, you have been in vile union with Tom Alldrink's wife! You debauched my poor mother, whose death you have caused!"

"No! no!" said the saint.

"You lie! monster! I saw you, myself, in the act! You married your bastard son, my brother John, to your daughter! You have murdered

your own wife! You committed a vile rape on my sister Grace! to screen which, you would this night have murdered both my sisters, in the blacksmith's shop, had you found them there! Witness the hatchet you let fall. You turned both my sisters out of doors, because they would not submit to your vile lusts! You cheated father, in having him sign a will he never intended, giving all our property to your son John! And to get rid of the witnesses to this will, being the sole executor, you murdered the Irish teacher and Doctor Squash, by inveigling them to the Wolf Ravine, and throwing them off!"

"Never! never!" said the saint.

"You lie again, monster! for their bones were found; and here is Rattler's penknife, and Doctor Squash's lancet, which were found in the wolf-dens!"

He then cried out, "Oh! David, I wish to die! I wish to die! Do it! do it!"

His face now looked as though his eyes would start from their sockets; no doubt, partly from the pressure of the ropes.

"Choke him!" said Redlegs, "and be done with it."

"Confess, instantly, you monster, how you murdered these two innocent men, or we shall stick you full of pine splinters, and burn you where you stand!"

"Will you save my life, and let me quit the country, if I tell?"

"No," said Redlegs; "no, you shall burn!"

"Hold! Redlegs," said I; "if he confesses, we shall not kill him. Confess, and we shall let you run; but quit the State."

"Well," said the saint, "I was aware that if the doctor and teacher remained, John and my

daughter could not have the property; I therefore concluded to put Doctor Squash out of the way first. I pretended to be very sick one day, and sent for the doctor to come and see me. He came; and after looking at my tongue, and feeling my pulse, he inquired concerning the state of my digestion, when I observed, that perhaps I did not take exercise enough. 'That is just what you want,' said the doctor. 'Well, doctor,' said I, 'I shall go out this afternoon, and if I had any company, I would like to go as far as the Wolf Ravine. Will you go, daughter?' turning to John's wife. 'Oh! it is too far, pa,' she replied. 'Perhaps you would like to take a walk yourself, doctor?' said I. 'Let me see,' said the doctor, 'what patients I have to visit this afternoon?—None that will stop me. Sir, I shall join you with pleasure.' Well, he came, and off we went, along the narrow path, through the thicket, until we came within about a rod of the edge of the projecting rock; but the doctor went on, within six feet of it, when I cried, 'Doctor, take care! don't go so close.' 'Oh!' said he, 'there is no fear; come here, and look over.' I went a little nearer, but still cowed, when he approached within three feet of the edge, telling me to come and look over, that there was no fear. I approached a little closer still, and again stopped. I was now within a yard of him, when he told me to take hold by him and look over. I made another step, and in putting out my hand to take hold of him, I shoved him from the rock!—looked down after him, and saw him strike the bottom!"

"Did he stir, after?" said I.

"Never!—the wolves had him almost instantly. I then ran back a few rods, shouting that Doctor Squash had fallen over into the Wolf Ravine, lest

any one should be looking on; but there were none."

"Two," said I.

"Who?" said he.

"God above you, and the devil in you!" He was silent. "Well, the Irish teacher?"

"I served him in nearly the same manner. We went immediately from the house through the woods, and the affair of our going was known to none but my daughter."

"Then she knew that you murdered these two men?"

"No; she knew nothing but our going to the ravine, though she has since inquired after the two; but I told her that they had run away."

"That's it, monster! Well, our own feelings forbid us to burn you; and as we can prove you guilty, we shall let you run. Bring your shears here," said I, to Redlegs. "Off with it, my boy." This was done instantly, and the scrotem put into the saint's pocket. "Loose him now," which was done, when he ran for the house.

In the morning, he was found lying on his room floor, with his throat cut. The verdict of the coroner's jury, "Suicide, from alienation of mind."

So ends the career of the wicked, and particularly of those wolves in sheep's clothing, who disgrace the holy cause of religion.

Redlegs, Alldrink, and Boniface, were on the coroner's jury, where it was thought singular that the saint should put the scrotem in his pocket, after cutting it off; but it was concluded that the same alienation of mind that produced the suicidal act, would produce that of dismemberment.

After this, I enjoyed some peace with my sisters, yet I feared that Alldrink might get me into trouble.

Having called to John's recollection father's will, as read in his presence when signed, he at once admitted that we were equally entitled to father's estate, which was divided accordingly. But to make amends to sister Grace, for her misfortune, who married the excellent Doctor De Boyce, I gave her a deed of my quarter of the land. My sister Jane married a respectable farmer in the village, and was happy.

This act of mine was a desperate one ; but my soul had been wrought up to deeds of blood, so that I could, at some moments, have killed a thousand villains like Bullneck. He deserved his fate one thousand times more richly than the learned Abelard, whose venal sin had the palliation of

“ The power of Love, to which the strong must yield,  
The skeptic bow, the general quit the field.”

The wound in my heart was now nearly healed, which the conduct of my two sisters, the death of my mother, and the recollection of that most excellent divine and his amiable family, the Reverend Mr. Goodman, had nearly accomplished. I took one more look from the rock at the awful Wolf Ravine, wept over my poor teacher's fate, sat for an hour by our enchanting little lake, bid farewell to my dear sisters and three friends, shook hands with John and his wife, and bade them farewell for ever.

I steered my course for Boston, where I remained two years ; then concluded to return to the Rev. Mr. Goodman's, and offer my hand and heart to my adorable Henrietta. I did so, and arrived in the neighborhood just after sundown, in the month of August. On inquiring after Mr. Goodman's family I was informed that they were all in mourning for the loss of their oldest daughter, whose lover, a fine

young man, had mysteriously disappeared about two years ago. Grief brought on a decline, and she was consigned to her mother earth about three months before my arrival.

This was a heavy stroke. I condemned myself for want of gratitude and due consideration, in not returning to Henrietta when I last left home. I feared to show my face at the house, so I concluded to take my departure for the State of Connecticut, and to steel my heart against everything like the soft and pure impressions of the blind god. But as I sat musing and wiping the tears that flowed freely, a deep melancholy began to creep over me.

"Will you show me the grave of that young lady?" said I, to the landlord, but not being able to suppress my anguish.

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly; "but it is almost dark."

"Never mind," said I; "you shall not be detained a moment."

On going to the graveyard, we had to pass the door of my benefactor; but when we came in front of the garden, my feelings overpowered me, so that I cried aloud, with a terrible lamentation. This brought the whole family to the door, and even down to the garden fence, looking after us, but not knowing what to make of it. He showed me the grave of my loved one. I thanked him, and told him, as I wept, to retire. The scene now, between my soul and the departed Henrietta, none but an angel can describe! Those who possess the consolations of religion, who hope to meet their friends in another and a better world, can feel no such grief. My soul was without hope. I never knew what love was, till now. I never knew I loved her, till now. When present, she



was not truly valued. But the recollection of the past—of our various intercourse—our gardening among the flowers—our innocent recreations—her heavenly temper and bright mind—the jewel that was forever lost to me and the world—together with our accidental love-inspiring kiss in the garden, so completely overpowered me, that I was stretched senseless on the grave of the hallowed dead, and was only aroused from this condition by my benefactor and all his family, also in loud lamentation over the sacred spot, which my presence and condition had now awakened. The tavern-keeper had informed them, on his return, that a gentleman had gone to Henrietta's grave, which led them to think that I had returned. As I was arising, I became conscious of their presence, which brought me on my knees, with my face on the grave; not begging forgiveness, but invoking any vengeance or punishment that might be awarded to my ingratitude, and to my callous heart, in not quickly returning such true devotion and love.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman now attempted to raise me, but I begged them to return to their house. I could not bear to see their face. I wished to die on the grave, and be laid by Henrietta. At last I consented to go in, when my good friend tried to console me with Christian hope. But I was dumb. I felt, just then, that I was wounded unto death. After prayer, which only increased my grief, from the associations it called up, I retired to the chamber where I used to sleep, threw myself as I was on the bed, where I wept until nature was overcome. I slept, perhaps for one hour, then got up, with a tortured soul, took off my shoes, slipped out, and took the road to Hartford; for I dreaded, more than death, to

meet my benefactor and his bereaved family face to face. I travelled all night and next day, without taking food, and arrived at Hartford about nine o'clock. Here I must stop.

As the air closes after the arrow, or the water after the ship, so my wounded heart, by the lapse of time, closed after my angelic Henrietta; but never to love another with my first and holy love.

I ran to her grave, as the sun was descending,  
Where angels of mercy were hovering round;  
My sad heart was breaking, my life I thought ending,  
As night's shade had covered the hallowed ground!

I threw myself down, on the cold sod, bewailing  
The fate of that dear one, who never knew sin;  
Then cursed my hard heart, as the twilight was failing,  
And wished I could die on the grave she was in.

I kissed her blessed clay, as I lay on it weeping,  
And prayed that I now might repose by her side;  
To lie by that dear one, so tranquilly sleeping  
Beneath the cold sod, 'twas my wish to have died.

When I arrived in Hartford, I stopped, and wrote the following letter to my benefactor, Mr. Goodman:—

“HARTFORD, —, —, —.

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—You and the ladies were no doubt much surprised and disgusted at my taking, on a former as well as on a recent occasion, such a precipitate departure from your hospitable and holy mansion; but be assured, dear sir, this conduct of mine has grown out of no feeling of disrespect to one who has been to me more than a father.

“In the first instance, a very singular circumstance took place, which, acting suddenly on my

peculiar state of mind, was the cause of my quitting so abruptly. In the last, shame; the fear of looking in the face a family in whose presence an ungrateful wretch like me should not for a moment stand, compelled me to shun your presence, and the presence of your family. Your daughter, the angelic Henrietta, loved me. I knew it, and acknowledged her affection. She had my whole soul, what no other woman can ever get. I felt secure in her constancy, and remained in Boston with a view only of acquiring the means to support her as my heart wished, and as she deserved. There was, too, a *thorn* in my heart, from early youth, that had some influence in procrastinating my return. This *thorn* was thrust there by—shall I say, my dear sir?—ay, by a minister of the Gospel! though not of your persuasion. Still he was a clergyman, the head of a sincere flock. This *thorn*, then, was there in secret, festering, and paining, and causing my heart to bleed, my mind to wander, and my soul to curse him. And, oh! oh! I feel now, that nothing but the grave can take this *thorn* from my wretched heart.

But it is my ingratitude to you, as my benefactor and friend, as well as to your amiable family, and, above all, to the sainted —. Oh! how dare I use that name? That she was so near my soul, I never knew until she was gone! And here, my dear benefactor, this paper will carry to you my tears, which are now the overflowing of a sad, weeping, bereaved, ungrateful wretch; for the man who is void of the ennobling, soul-exalting quality of gratitude, does not deserve a place among human beings. I therefore pleaded guilty, and could not see your face.

“Farewell! Benefactor, farewell! Farewell,

Mrs. Goodman. Farewell, young ladies! Farewell, Hen——! your grave farewell!

“I cannot disgrace the paper with my name.”

To this letter, Mr. Goodman returned the following answer:—

“**OLONVILLE, —, —, —.**

“**MY DEAR DAVID:—**We have read your letter with great interest, and with floods of tears; and even now, you will perceive they are falling on this sheet. Our beloved daughter Henrietta is no more! ‘The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ We feel, daily, that our souls, now on earth, communicate with Henrietta’s in heaven. We extremely regret that you left us so suddenly, David, as you would have proved a great consolation in bearing a share of our afflictions. It has lessened our grief much, to witness yours. We see, by the eye of faith, as did Jacob, a ladder that connects earth and heaven, and angels ascending and descending, carrying our mutual wishes and affections up and down! We see, too, in reality, but a few fleeting years, perhaps days, between us and the grave, where our beloved one is laid: these past, and we shall lie with her in glory! Oh! what a joyful meeting will be there! This is our hope, the sheet-anchor of our souls, that takes hold on heaven! This is the consolation, in affliction, of the true, practical Christian, as *life* and *immortality* are brought to light in the Gospel.

“You allude, my dear David, to a *thorn* thrust into your heart by the backsliding of a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Oh! I wish it were in my power to rectify the conduct of many of the clergy, who have disgraced the holy office

they have assumed. If this could be accomplished by any act of mine, I should spend and be spent in the effort. But, my dear David, recollect that among the Twelve there was a Judas, who, for dirty lucre, betrayed his Lord and master. If, therefore, only one Judas out of every twelve clergymen of the present time could be found, we have still a large majority on the side of pure religion; but as Christianity has increased, I much fear that Judases have increased in the same proportion. Let us know the name of this Judas, that he may be held up, like the old Judas, to the scorn of all men. It is a crime to save such a man from public odium. His own church, too, should be the first to vindicate and purify itself, as such base hypocrites can never alter the current of true religion. The odium must ever fall on the individual man, or individual woman, and not on the church or religion.

"Some sects have attempted to screen their clergy from the effects of their sinful behavior; but this is a great error; for if such men are publicly exposed to the contempt and ridicule of the world, we would soon have a chaste, God-loving, God-worshipping priesthood, as the wolves would be then driven from the flock, which would leave the true shepherds behind.

"Come, my dear David, return to our house, and remain with us a short time. We shall hope for you, and look for you, as the dove looks for its mate. Our blessing, and the blessing of the Omnipotent, rest with you, and remain upon you, is the prayer of

"Dear David, your sincere friend,

"THOMAS AKEMPUS GOODMAN."

## CHAPTER IX.

"My wife runs a gadding ; keep out of her way ;  
If not, my good fellow, the piper you'll pay.  
She plays with two *beaux* on her nice little fiddle :  
Can you guess who she plays with ? Oh ! that is the riddle !  
She struts like a pullet, when I am quite sad ;  
Then winks at another !—By \*\*\* ! I'll go mad !"

EASYMAN.

I MUST now go back, continued my grandfather Jones, to give some account of my stay in Boston. The day on which I arrived, as I was passing along, I saw "boarding" on a door. I knocked, and entered. I was shown into a front parlor, quite handsomely furnished, as I thought. "Rich people, these," said I to myself ; "wonder what they will be for charging me for board and lodging ?" A lady, about six-and-twenty, good looking, but not handsome, now presented herself. We bowed, when I said, that having seen a notice respecting board, &c., on the door, I made bold to call in, and ask if I could be entertained, and on what terms ? She looked at me from head to foot, for a moment, and then asked,

"Are you in business in Boston, sir ?"

"No, madam, I am quite a stranger here, having just arrived from the country, with a view of getting into some kind of business."

"Well, sir, if you take a room with three other young men, I think I can accommodate you at three dollars per week ; or you can have the room over the entry to yourself for four dollars ;" when she added, "The board is to be paid weekly, sir."

"Very well, madam, I shall take the cheapest

terms at present, until I see what success I may have in the city."

"Where is your baggage, sir?"

"I have but a small trunk, madam, which is at the stage house."

"I shall send our waiter for it, sir."

"No, madam, I shall bring it up in my hand, it being quite *light*."

At this word, "*light*," I thought she smiled. I bowed, and went for my trunk, which, on my return, was placed in a room having two beds.

The landlady was what is sometimes called a "grass widow." We had now in the house four males, all clerks in stores but myself, in one room. One male, also a clerk, who appeared quite officious at table, and who slept somewhere near the landlady, Mrs. Easyman. This clerk's name was Mr. Bushwhacker. He was a bold, forward looking fellow, aged about thirty-five; was neither a book-keeper nor accountant, for his information did not amount even to these subjects, and was a most vulgar person in conversation and manners at table. Yet this ignoramus, who was but a weigher of sugars and teas in a grocery store, was the favorite peacock of our landlady, Mrs. Easyman. The lady appeared to have about her what a raw young fellow from the country would think quite a fortune, even in her furniture alone, and appeared to consult this Mr. Bushwhacker on all business matters. I was not long to notice, that when we retired for the night, this Mr. Bushwhacker always remained behind with Mrs. Easyman.

When bedtime arrived, Mrs. Easyman observed, "Mr. Thompson, this gentlemen—— May I know your name, sir?"

"Jones, madam."

"Well, Mr. Thompson will sleep with you, if you please. I hope you will like your bedfellow."

"Oh! yes, ma'm, we shall all like our bedfellows, no doubt."

"Ha, ha, ha! I am glad of it."

On entering the chamber, this night, my heart felt sick, and I almost wept, though I did not know exactly why. I knelt down by the bed, laid my face on it, and offered both my hands to heaven, without daring to call on the name of God, and stripped and got in.

"Have you boarded here long, Mr. Thompson?" said I, to my bedfellow.

"Just a week to-morrow, sir, when I shall leave."

"Why, what's the matter, sir?" said I.

He answered my question, by asking where I last boarded.

"In the western part of the State," said I.

"Oh! then you have just come from the country?"

"Just arrived to-day, sir."

"How long do you intend to remain in Boston?"

"I have come to seek some employment; either to procure some place as assistant teacher in an academy, a school, or a clerkship of some kind."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "I shall introduce you to my employer, to-morrow, if you wish. I know he is in want of a person to write up his books, and perhaps he may employ you."

"I fear, sir, I would not suit him, for book-keeping is a subject I know little about, as I have had no opportunity to learn; but I thank you for your offer, and shall certainly go."

Mr. Thompson now felt some little confidence, and observed, that the chief reason for his leaving



this house, was the gross familiarity that existed between Mrs. Easyman and Mr. Bushwhacker, as he did not like that vulgar fellow, and would not stay. This brought a laugh from the two young men in the other bed, for they were all of the same opinion.

Well, the morrow came, and I had an introduction to the shipping merchant, Mr. Gray; but on assuring him that I was totally unqualified to keep a set of books such as his business required, he offered me a note of introduction to a Mr. Quibble, who taught a mercantile and mathematical school, or rather pretended to teach it. I lost no time, but called on Mr. Quibble, found him at home, and offered my note, which read as follows:—

“Mr. Gray has the pleasure to introduce to the favorable notice of Mr. Quibble, the bearer, Mr. Jones, a young man from the country, who, I am assured, is a most excellent scholar, thinking that perhaps Mr. Quibble might require his services as an assistant teacher.”

Mr. Quibble, who entered the room in a most pompous manner, made a half nod of his head, including his whiskers; waited in silence to hear what I had to say, excepting that, as he entered, he said, “Well, sir?” I bowed, and handed him Mr. Gray’s note, which he read; then, eyeing me from head to foot for some time, until I almost felt ashamed, asked,

“Where have you taught last, sir?”

“In the western part of the State, sir,” was my reply.

“I don’t see,” said he, “how any one out in the west, or even out of Boston, can know enough to teach a respectable school!”

This remark I felt to be so insulting, that I moved toward the door, to bid him good morning,

for I knew of no answer suited to such grossness. Turning round after me, with his haughty bearing, he inquired,

“Have you any knowledge of algebra?”

“Some little, sir.”

“Have you ever worked quadratic equations?”

“State an equation, sir, and I shall show what I can do.”

“Oh! never mind; I only wanted to know!”

“I can do anything, then, sir, either in simple or quadratic equations.”

“Ah! you can, ah? What do you know of the Latin?” said he.

Looking at him directly in the eye, I observed, “*Quam seipsum amans sine rivali*,” (How much in love with himself, without a rival.)

“Oh! I see you do know a little Latin.”

Perceiving he was as destitute of Latin as he was of good sense and mathematical learning, I therefore felt disposed to stick another quotation into him.

“*Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt, stulti eruditus videntur*,” (Those who would appear wise among the ignorant, appear ignorant among the wise.)

“Is it not so, sir?” said I.

He was now in a fog, not knowing what to answer.

“Call again, sir. I shall take your application into consideration,” said Mr. Quibble, as he bowed me out most haughtily.

“*Corpus sine pectore*,” (A body without a soul,) said I, as I moved toward the door.

“True,” said he. “Yes, yes, it is a very fine day!”

Now this fellow is a specimen of the bombastic, consummate asses that sometimes set themselves up as teachers, to rob children of their time, and

parents of their money. It struck me, therefore, that if such fellows as this could get a living, I had no reason to despair.

I took a room, commenced a school on my own account, and had, through Mr. Gray and a few other gentleman, almost immediately, a very liberal patronage.

I removed to another boarding house, at the end of the week, which was much better suited to my mind. At this house, I happened to be a roommate, but not a bedfellow, of a Mr. William Easyman. Being so occupied in my own affairs, I was more than a month in this house, before it struck me that this gentleman was of the same name with my late landlady. This Mr. Easyman was very much of a gentleman, quite modest, yet extremely intelligent, and belonged to one of the most respectable mercantile families of Boston. One evening, in descanting on the various shades of individual character, I happened to name the vulgarian Bushwhacker, in connection with the boarding house, when he asked, with a long sigh, if I knew that man. On replying in the affirmative, he observed, with great emotion, that he had been the victim of that base man and woman.

"You astonish me!" said I. "How has that happened?"

"Well, Mr. Jones, I shall tell you. That woman, whose maiden name was Smith, was a farmer's daughter, brought up in the country. As you must have perceived, although not handsome, she has a fascinating manner."

"Truly."

"Well, she was in the habit of visiting a relation of hers in Boston, where I met her, and from being pleased with her, I got in love. By offering me certain privileges, and then denying them, in

so gentle and affectionate a way, I became at last almost distracted to enjoy a girl whose equal I thought was not to be found in the world! I proposed marriage. It was accepted. But on mentioning this to my parents, they set their faces against such a match. I persisted, when my father told me, that if I dared to marry that girl against his will, I must not only quit his house, but that he would disinherit me. Well, this threw a damper on me for some little time, but coming again into her company, she filled me with fierce desire—I cannot call it love; so we were immediately married. This was in my twenty-first year. My love for her constantly increased after marriage, until she acquired over me the most supreme command. After this marriage, I had to quit home, and shifted along as well as I could, on a small salary, in the same mercantile house that now employs me, my wife sometimes being in the city, and sometimes at her father's in the country, when, after being in this condition for two years, I received a note from mother, requesting me to call on her immediately, which I did. 'Well, William,' said mother, your father has been prevailed on, by myself and your sisters, to advance you some capital, with a view of giving you a start in the world, seeing you stick so truly by that very unsuitable match you have made against the wishes of your friends.' My answer to mother was, that she was all the world to me, and that I could not be happy without her. 'Well, William,' continued mother, here is a check for five thousand pounds, on which you are to commence business. Get all the credit your business requires, and keep this to fill up the wants.' I embraced mother, thanked her, begged her to thank father for his bounty, at the same time assuring her that nothing

should be wanting on my part, in application and diligence, that would insure success. I immediately took a house, purchased my stock of goods, furnished two rooms in the dwelling part for myself and wife, when I commenced housekeeping and business on the same day, with great joy and hope for the future. In these two rooms, I felt quite as happy, with my excellent wife as I then thought her, as I ever did in my father's splendid mansion. By great attention to business, and driving around, I soon got a respectable trade; but my wife appeared not satisfied to be doing nothing, as she said, to be helping on affairs, and therefore proposed that I should furnish the rest of the house, and take a few genteel boarders, which, while it would give her employment, would pay more than our table expenses and servants' wages. I thought this reasonable, and did so. We soon got two gentlemen and their wives, and one single gentleman. This single gentleman remained but a short time, when we got another in his place, who was none else than Bushwhacker. I thought him rather coarse, but he to appearance paid well, said little, and was very still. Indeed, he used me with more seeming respect than any other person in the house. Myself and wife slept in the front room, and Bushwhacker in the little room over the entry, adjoining. No man ever had a higher opinion of a wife's virtue and honor than I had of mine. She was all attention, all good humor, to me; always met me with a smile when I entered the house, and was respectfully distant to every other male, and would occasionally express her dislike of Bushwhacker, saying, that we had better discharge him, and get a more genteel person in his place. But on my observing that as he behaved himself quietly, and paid well and

regularly, this course would not be advisable, 'Well, as you please, William,' would be her answer. This finesse would have completely closed my eyes, even if I had had any suspicion of her infidelity. I however had noticed, on several Sabbaths, after dinner, that my wife left the sitting-room when I was engaged in conversation, and returned in a short time, more flushed than when she left the room, but never gave the cause a thought. One day, that a note of about two thousand pounds came due to one merchant, who supplied much of my stock, I had drawn the money, and laid it in my bank book, in my wife's room, until after dinner, when, to my astonishment and dismay, the money was taken, and the bank book dropped on the sidewalk near the house! Now, no person who dined with me could have taken it, for I was the last to sit down to table, and the first to get up, as business was urgent. Bushwhacker was not out of the room, but my wife was; yet who would suspect a loving wife of robbing her husband? My wife took this to heart more than I did. Well, on stating my case, I with some difficulty got a renewal of one thousand two hundred pounds, and paid the balance. My wife has occasionally complained of being unwell before retiring to bed, and after some time there, would complain still further of want of air, begging me to throw open the door a little, that she might breathe more freely. This I had always freely and unsuspectingly done. On some of these nights, too, on awaking from a doze, I have missed her from bed; but on calling her, she would answer, 'I am lying on the floor here, William, with the pillow under my head; I was so suffocated in bed.' Well, this was in summer. After a while, she would get in again. Then she

would say, 'I want air, but I am afraid to go asleep with the door open.' 'So I'd shut it.'

"And you had no suspicion," said I, "all this time, Mr. Easyman?"

"Not the smallest, Mr. Jones. In winter, we had a stove in the entry, so that the doors were mostly open to receive the heat. On one or two occasions, I have found her arm across me, with her cheek to mine, and hugging me in a convulsive manner, when she would appear to awake, and say she was dreaming! In one of these dreaming fits, as she lay nearly across the bed, I not having yet gone asleep, I thought I heard some person breathe, when I quickly put out my hand, and caught a man by the wrist. I held on so vigorously that he pulled me across my wife, who simply and drowsily asked, 'What ails you, William?' The man, however, broke away from my grasp. I pursued to the door, when Bushwhacker cried out, as though he had just awoke, 'What noise is that?' when I answered, 'It is I.' 'Oh!' said he, 'some noise aroused me.' This perfectly disarmed my suspicions of him; but thought one of my married friends was about playing some trick. My wife said she was asleep, and heard nothing, and added, that she thought I might be mistaken. 'No,' said I, 'for the man's hand was pressing on the bed.' 'Oh!' said she, 'I am terrified to death! That door must never be open a moment again at night. But who could it be, William? Perhaps it was Bushwhacker?' 'No,' said I, 'he was asleep.' I then procured a light, and Bushwhacker and myself searched the house, but could find nothing worse than ourselves."

"Mr. Easyman," said I, "your statement makes me feel like a man insane."

"Well, Mr. Jones, we kept this a secret. But

before I was finally aware of my situation, I was robbed of every farthing I had in the world, and became heavily in debt besides. I was bankrupt. Of course, my creditors swept the last."

"I pity you, Mr. Easyman, from my heart."

"Well, sir, what do you think the cause of this calamity has been?"

"Your wife's infidelity, of course."

"This, of course; but it originated long before my marriage to this base woman. This Bushwhacker belonged to her neighborhood, and *bundled* with her, from her eighteenth to her twenty-second year. So you see, sir, I had a low poltroon's strumpet for a wife! When they found themselves in Boston together, the whole plan was concocted to get him into my house as her *cortejo*, or paramour. And more than likely he never paid one penny for board."

"This, then," said I, is one of the unholy fruits of the '*bundling system*,' permitted by parents. But Mr. Easyman, how were your eyes finally opened?"

"By most unexpectedly catching them in the act, one day after dinner."

"*Sunt lachrymæ rerum*," ("Tears are due to human misery.") I wept.

But justice, long delayed, will come at last. This fellow, in less than six months, abandoned the woman, through jealousy, whom he first made base. She then fell a prey to drink, and was ultimately consigned, in a diseased state, to the hospital, where she paid the last debt of nature.

This Bushwhacker was, after a course of vice, convicted of attempting to poison a whole family, by throwing arsenic into a well. They all drank of the water, yet none of them died. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but committed



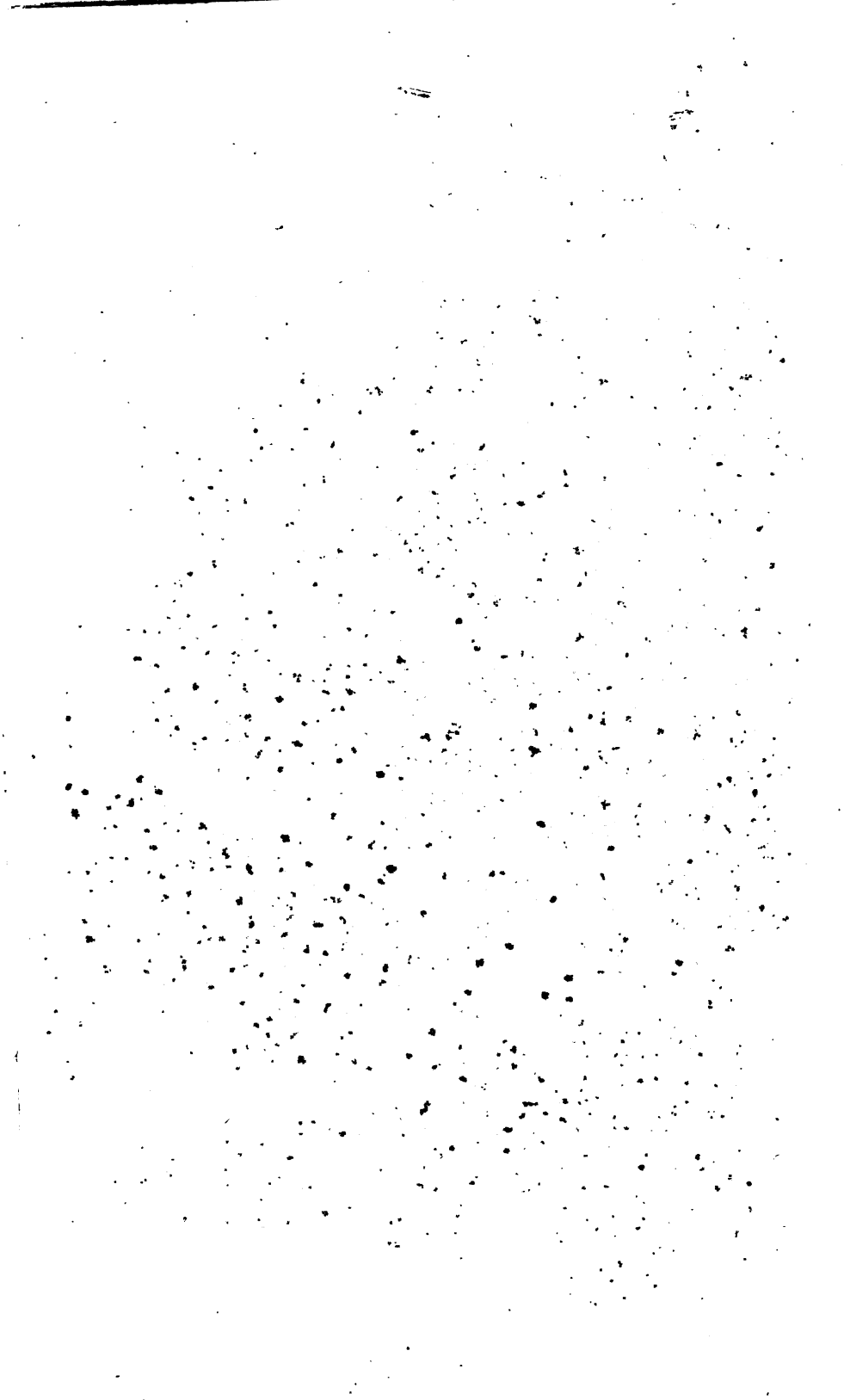
suicide the very day he was locked up! Whatever other crimes he was guilty of, are not to me known. But here is God's revenge against murder and adultery!

My grandfather's motto was, "Never marry a wife out of sight of your own chimney;" yet many a man, even then, gets taken in.

This method of getting husbands, however, independent of its immorality, often becomes a source of much trouble and affliction to the girl in after life, should she marry a sensible, well bred man, after having been deserted by another, as he will be always certain to find it out. And even should he not desert her, which such a man is less likely to do than a low fellow, to save his own character, she must expect nothing but degradation and a hell for the rest of her life; while the husband is often driven into dissipation of every kind, to smother his wounded feelings and wounded pride. It is often the case that the former lover, who has bundled with her on many a night, is married, and lives in the same village or neighborhood, perhaps close by. This is what may be called a great calamity under the sun. But when we add to this, that not one woman in a thousand in this predicament can sincerely love her husband, although she will love her children just as well, whether her husband had her first love or not, and will perform the duties of a wife and mother. Yet the pure, disinterested virgin first love is lost, and with it she has fallen in her own esteem, which makes her much more likely to err in the marriage state than she otherwise would have been. This is the last disgrace that a man of high feeling will acknowledge in his family. He keeps it to himself, as a thorn constantly thrust into his heart; and although he may

continue to live with the woman for the sake of his innocent offspring, yet he not only despises her, but most of the aberrations of his conduct, and even his misfortunes in business, have grown out of this cause. It is a well known fact too, and a great evil, that a woman's first lover can seldom or never be resisted, unless under the influence of Religion—soul-saving, body-redeeming Religion—which gives a new heart, new affections, and new desires, that enable her to repel the evil one. That our New England girls make the best wives and most affectionate mothers in the world, there can be no doubt; yet the vulgar liberties allowed them in country places, and their being put forward at so young an age, are great errors, and often result in much disappointment and affliction in after life. The facts presented in this book, it is devoutly wished, may rectify several of these improper practices.

THE END.





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